

MAINE WOODS

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SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES

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Fish and Game Oddities.

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES.

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Pickarel And The Wind.

"I would just as soon think of going out to catch a mess of eels at high noon," said an enthusiastic son of old Steuben, who knows all about all kinds of angling, "as to start out for a day's winter fishing through the ice when the wind is blowing from the west. I know the ancient and trusted saying is that:

"When the wind is in the west
Then the fish will bite the best;
When the wind is in the north
Then no angler ventures forth;
When the wind is in the east
Then the fish will bite the least;
When the wind is in the south
It blows the bait in the fish's mouth."

"That may hold true in summer fishing, but my experience shows me that it is the reverse of the truth in winter, for if I want a successful day with pickarel through the ice I choose a day when the wind is good and stiff from the north or east.

"Now, when you come to think of it, you would hardly suppose that with a foot or so of ice between them and the outside world, to say nothing of the depth of water they are lying in below the ice, the direction of the wind would make any difference to a pickarel in taking the bait, but it makes all the difference in the world. I can't begin to tell you why, because I don't know; but I do know that time and time again, when I have been pickarel fishing through the ice in a strong east or northeast wind and hauling the big fellows as fast as I could go from one tip-up to another, the wind has gradually shifted until it got around in the west.

"As the wind changed the pickarel fell off in their attention to my bait, until by the time the west was sweeping over the ice not a tip-up would be seen to tip. And it was the same with a change to the south.

"I have always found that the fiercer the wind blew from the east or north the faster and fiercer the pickarel would bite. And I love to fish in the face of a howling wind such a that. There is a thrill and excitement about it that doesn't come with any of your calm weather fishing.

"I have fished on the high up lakes of old Steuben when they were swept by regular blizzards, and I only remember one that I had to surrender to—throw up my hands and quit. That was on Lake Lamoka, the best pickarel water, either summer or winter, in the state of New York; a limpid sheet of water lying on the summit of the divide between Steuben and Schuyler counties, only four miles from Lake Keuka, but

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500 feet above it. and Lake Kenka is 1500 feet above the sea.

"When we got to the lake early that morning we found that Old Boreas was out on about as tempestuous a racket as he had ever set himself to have. We cut our holes, though, and put in our tip-ups. I don't think I ever saw the pickarel bite so hard and so fast.

"But the more they bite the sharper the frost nipped and the fiercer the wind blew. It was not a steady wind. It came in fitful bursts of rage. It howled and shrieked about us and among the naked trees on the shore in a way I had never heard any wind take on before.

"The curious part of it was that the sun shone as brightly as it ever had in July, but its rays seemed only to have the effect of cheering the wind up, and spurring the frost on, to sharper duty. We stood out against the sullen blizzard in brave attempt to stay it out, but at last we saw that the attempt would be useless.

"It came to be all that we could do to face it, and the constant work of one man was required to keep the holes open, so rapidly did they freeze around our lines. Then we surrendered, gathered up our fish and fled to the shelter of the lower and warmer country about Keuka.

"But that day with the pickarel and the conquering blizzard on Lake Lamoka was the most enjoyable one I ever experienced in fishing."

What a Bird Will Eat.

The question of how much a bird is able to eat seems to be arousing much interest. A few days ago the Journal quoted in this column a letter from Mrs. Curtis of Bridgton to a Boston paper, dwelling upon the enormous appetite of a blue jay, and expressing wonder whether this bird stores away food for future use. A Hallowell reader of the Journal writes us that from personal observation, he is sure the blue jays do store away food when they are given more than they can dispose of at once. He writes that he has seen a blue jay load its bill to the widest capacity with crumbs and fly away, and soon return for more until the supply put out for it had wholly disappeared, then it would perch on a tree and tease for more. If no more was given, the bird would soon fly away again and for several days thereafter would be seen feasting on the food which it had in cold storage.
Kennebec Journal.

The Smallest Fish.

The smallest backbone animal in the world is a fish. It has been discovered recently in Buh, a mountain lake in the island of Luzon, in the Philippines. The tiny creature has two names out of all proportion to its size. The one given it by the natives is sinarapan, and doubtless has some significance in the language of the Bicolis, the natives living in the lake region. The scientific name is mystichthys Luzonensis and means the smallest fish inhabiting Luzon.

The largest of the species measures but half an inch in length and the smallest not more than one-fifth of an inch. It would take about six thousand of them to weigh a pound. Fortunately for the fishmonger of Luzon, the sinarapan is not sold by the dozen or even by the hundred. They are measured by the quart.

Small as the fish is it forms an important food staple even in a country so rich in these products. The appearance of the native fish dealer with his basket of sinarapan is hailed with delight by the soldiers as well as by the Filipinos. No net is fine enough, no hook is small enough to catch these fish. The natives have solved the problem by using a finely woven cloth as a net and in this way gather in thousands at one scoop.

When preparing them to eat they are first drained in a basket. Next they are mixed with pepper and other spices, made into cakes and laid upon leaves in the sun, where they soon dry. Then they are ready to be eaten. The natives count them a great delicacy.

Sebago Lake Fishing Will Be Good.

Whether or not fishing will be good in the lakes of Maine and more particularly at Sebago early in the spring this year, cannot now be told, but one Portland sportsman, who is somewhat of an authority on such matters, made the prediction recently that the ice would be out of this body of water by the first of April.

"This may be early," said he, "but I was told this morning that the ice at the lake is not more than six inches thick and when it gets started it will go quick. If this is so, there is no reason why we should not be able to get up there by that time and have our lines out for salmon."

"What will be the popular bait this year?" was asked.

"Oh, the artificial bait will be the only thing," was the reply. "Last year it was embalmed smelts and they worked to perfection. This year the man who embalmed the smelts and made such a success of them, neglected to get his process patented and somebody else has come along and is embalming shiners and with a patent. The shiners will probably take the place of the smelts, unless the originator of the scheme sends out some more jars of the smelts. But the embalmed bait is the only thing to use, whether it is shiners or smelts."

The D. W. Clark Ice Co. reports that there has been so much snow on the ice at Sebago that it has acted much like a blanket and has in a measure kept the ice from freezing as thick as it otherwise would have been.

While the ice has frozen in many places to a depth of a foot and more, it was thought it might have been possible that there was a good part of the lake that had no more than six inches of ice over it. Should this prove to be the case, a few more warm days would melt it considerably and send it out of the lake the first of April, as was predicted by the fisherman above quoted.—Exchange.

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CHARLES TIGHE,
55 Vesey St., New York City.

ing building several "smart" camps in the vicinity of his new home.

Many Bangor people annually take a canoeing trip down the Allagash river, fishing in the spring or hunting in the fall, and they will be on the watch next time for this palace in the wilderness. It will be a queer sensation to come around a bend in the river, supposedly in the forest primeval, dozens of miles from city houses and to be confronted with a large modern mansion.

"Take Good Aim," She Said.
BOSTON, March 21, 1904.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

On one of my many trips to Maine, we were at Bemis Camps. One afternoon my wife and daughter and my two boys thought we would go up for some small game across the railroad. On our way up the kid spied a chipmunk on the tiptop branch of one of the tallest trees. He raised his little 22 to bring him down. Just at that moment his mother said to him: "Freddy, it is shame to kill those poor little birds" and in the same breath says, "Take good aim now, Freddy." He brought the bird down all right. For a long time we were at a loss to know why his mother said "Take good aim." She said she did not want him to cripple the poor bird. It was very laughable, the combination.

C. J. BATEMAN.

Camp Printing.

I make a specialty of camp and hotel printing. I am prepared to show samples of circulars and other work that I print for camp owners who do business in Maine and in New Hampshire. I get half-tone cuts for my customers when they want me to. I have had a great many cuts made. I usually get good cuts. I own hundreds of fish and game cuts that can be used by my customers in connection with their printing, free of charge. Write me for full particulars.

J. W. BRACKETT,

Publisher MAINE WOODS.

Phillips, Maine.

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CARLTON CANOE COMPANY, - Box 139, - Old Town, Maine.

Moose Killed With Axes.

(Kennebec Journal.)

Chairman Carleton of the fish and game department was at Acton, Friday, where he delivered his lecture on the relation of the fish and game laws to the agricultural interests of the state, to a large audience. A meeting was also held, at which it was voted to close



Start the trout season right,
which means start
with the
"BRISTOL."

Use a "Bristol" Steel Fishing Rod on your first trip to the trout stream and you will want to use it for all trips—always. The faintest nibble is instantly felt by the fisherman using a "Bristol," and the delicate spring of the "Bristol" hooks the trout before he discovers that the bait has "a string to it."

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MODERN HOUSE IN WOODS.

Maine Man to Build \$25,000 Residence Far From Civilization.

(Bangor Commercial.)

Al W. Birdsall, a native and former resident of San Diego, Cal., now hailing from Chemquasabamtook lake, Maine, is in Bangor for a few days while a large crew of men from Fort Kent and that region is engaged in constructing him a home on the Allagash river in northern Maine which when completed will represent an outlay of \$25,000.

Mr. Birdsall told a Commercial reporter Saturday that his residence on the Allagash is already more than half done. The house is to be a large 21-room, modern dwelling house. It will be equipped with all modern conveniences such as electric lights, hard wood floors, bath rooms, up to date heating apparatus and will, in fact, in every way, be identical with a modern dwelling in any of the large cities.

"Men have been at work on the house all winter," said Mr. Birdsall, "and I can tell you its a big job to build it during the cold weather and snow which we have had up there. Why its been 40 below zero and five feet of snow at times. A man by the name of LaBelle of Fort Kent is building the house. Yes, some of the stuff will come from Bangor. W., my wife and I, have not got to the furniture nor the furnishings."

Mr. Birdsall was up the Allagash hunting and fishing last October and November with a party including his wife and was much taken with the Allagash region. For a number of years he has hunted and fished in Maine and he decided that the Allagash was not only the most attractive part of the state but contained the best fishing and hunting. He has purchased 500 acres of land there, two large farms on township 15, range 11, known as the McClellan and Gilbarre farms, and will have these looked after by men while he is to live the greater part of the year at his new home on the Allagash, near by.

ABOUT AL W. BIRDSALL.

Al Birdsall, as he is familiarly known, is a young man about 35 years of age.

He is a native and former resident of San Diego, Cal. A graduate of the University of California in the class of '87, he has for the past five or six years known no home, having, with his wife, been traveling. He has gone all over the world and has finally decided to build him a home in the Maine wilderness.

His new home into which Mr. and Mrs. Birdsall hope to move early in May will be all that a wealthy young couple could desire. It is 50 miles from the nearest town which is Fort Kent. All of the material which has been used in



SALMON FISHING—RESTIGOUCHE RIVER, N. B.

—Loaned by George H. Burtis.

the construction of the house this winter has had to be taken into the site of the Birdsall residence by teams. There is no regular road, everything going on sleds over a rough lumberman's or tote road. It has cost Mr. Birdsall \$10 a ton for everything which has been taken in.

The new house is about 50 yards from the Allagash river, near Allagash falls. It is on a slightly location and one can step out the front door to the river, drop in a line and pull out some fine trout for breakfast. Mr. Birdsall is contemplating

Celebrated 30th Anniversary.

The Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective association, the oldest organization of sportsmen in New England, celebrated the 30th anniversary of its incorporation with a banquet at Hotel Brunswick, March 18.

Among the guests were J. W. Collins, chairman of the Massachusetts Fish and Game commission; L. T. Carleton, chairman of the Maine Fish and Game commission and William H. Boardman of the Rhode Island commission.



SEEING IS BELIEVING.

—Loaned by George H. Burtis.

Great, East, and Wilson ponds for ice fishing for a period of four years.

From the reports that have been received at the fish and game department, it is evident that game is being slaughtered up in Aroostook county, in utter disregard to the game laws, as the following letter received by Commissioner Carleton, last week, will show:

FORT KENT, ME., March 16, 1904.

HON. L. T. CARLETON, Augusta, Me.,

Dear Sir:—March 11th, on my way to the head of Cross lake, on trail between the French settlements and big moose yards, I struck where four men the day before had killed two deer and carried them out to the county road (Caribou road) that night, and put same on team, and taken to some place in French settlements.

Could not track any further. Cross roads leading in different directions. Deer were killed about two miles from county road. I thought it would be policy to drop same for the present and keep on down trail between settlements and moose yard, so on the 12, I found where three men had started a moose, (moose yard was about one mile from settlement). They must have chased this moose two days.

Finally I found where they drove him into burnt woods and killed him (a bull moose). Then I tracked them from there where they carried one part of the meat to the head of old road, where they left it, and where they expected to come in the night time and get same with team.

I watched this meat for two nights but they did not come after same. They evidently had been scared away by some one, or were waiting until they could

locate me or know that I was in some other part of the country.

But I managed to locate one of the men who helped kill the moose, and through him shall find who the other two men were.

Have sent in a man to take out meat and hide, but the moose had been chased so long that the meat is not fit to eat, being dark and heated. The moose must have died by slow degrees as I see they had no gun to kill him, but killed him with axes; saw where they cut poles to punch his eyes out, then the hide is all cut up where they would strike him with their axes.

This is not the first case where I have known men to kill bull moose with axes.

Yours truly,

F. W. AUSTIN

Horse Notes.

W. B. Butler of Phillips has recently sold his horse, Black Jack, to F. E. Harris of Rangeley. The price paid was \$212.50.

Black Jack was sired by Van Helmont dam by Gov. Morrell and second dam by son of Gen. Knox, and is a very handsome and speedy horse. He was bred and raised by A. D. Graffam of Phillips.

Miss Myrtle Hodgdon, stenographer in the fish and game department at Augusta, has returned to her home in Gardiner and resumed her duties in the office. She has been spending several weeks at Pinehurst, N. C., in company with her mother whose health is delicate.

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At Seneca Kan., March 8, 9,
10, Mr. H. G. Taylor shooting
New E. C., won high amateur
average breaking 340 out of 365
targets.

Mr. T. E. Reed, shooting
Schultze was second high amateur,
with a score of 336 out of 365.

Fish Hatchery at Lake Auburn.
(Lewiston Sun.)

Many thousands of people visit the
Lake Auburn Fish hatchery every sum-
mer, but probably few of them realize
that it is also an interesting place to vis-
it in the winter time.

The ride from Lake Grove to the
hatchery is a pretty one, in winter as
well as summer, and the groves of snow-
laden trees surrounding the buildings,
the ice-covered ponds, with here and
there a dark open place, where perhaps
by patient peering a fish or two may be
seen, have a charm all their own, but
the hatchery itself is the most wonder-
ful place of all.

The first salmon ever known to be in
Lake Auburn was brought there by H.
O. Stanley from Sebago lake. Mr. Stan-
ley was the first commissioner appoint-
ed in Maine and has been on the board
for 33 years.

The screen put in at the outlet last
fall has been great help as many of the
larger fish went out in the fall. It is
said that no lake in the state has as
many fish as Lake Auburn. Some years
there have been as many as 800,000
trout eggs hatched at the hatchery, but
this year only 75,000 were obtained,
which will belong to Lake Auburn. Trout
are growing less in the lake and the
number of salmon is increasing, al-
though the reason for this is not known,
as salmon are a peaceful fish.

For the accommodation of the fish is
one big reservoir fed by water from one
of the sixty living springs all of which
are within a radius of sixty rods, and
fourteen small ponds and 200 troughs to
set outside doors in the summer time,
besides the troughs in the hatchery
building.

About ten years ago the property of
the Lake Auburn Fish Protective asso-
ciation was leased by the state for a pe-
riod of 20 years and the hatchery
grounds now includes twelve acres. Mr.
John F. Stanley, the present superin-
tendent, has held this position for the
past seven years and he as well as his
wife are greatly interested in this busi-
ness.

In the hatchery in one trough are 20,
000 trout hatched ten days ago which
are about half an inch long and which
are attached to the eggs, their only
source of sustenance until they are four
weeks old, and they are about one inch
long. By this time the egg will have
entirely disappeared and then they will
be fed on ground beef liver.

The trays, on each one of which about
are 4,000 eggs, are picked over twice a
week and the poor eggs, which are usu-
ally white, are thrown out. These
trays are arranged in piles of four, 20
trays to a trough, so that there are on
an average about 80,000 eggs in each
trough.

The trout eggs are placed in the
troughs in October and the salmon eggs
one month later.

The water in these troughs is kept at
a temperature of about 36 or 38 degrees
in the winter time. But the warmer the
water the sooner the eggs are hatched.
The troughs are fed by constantly run-
ning streams of water conducted
through pipes from the springs. A
waste pipe carries the water through
drains to the stream below. By a novel
device invented by Mr. Stanley and
which has since been adopted by many
other hatcheries the water as it enters
the troughs instead of falling in a steady
stream is spread over a large circle and
thus the water is aerated, for the fish re-
quire air as much as water. Mr. Stan-
ley went on to say that the greater the
supply of water the better it was for the
fish and for the eggs as well and that if
the supply of water should be cut off in
from six to ten hours the eggs as well as
the fish would be dead.

TAXIDERMISTS.

TAXIDERMIST. Send us your big game
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J. WALDO NASE, Norway, Maine.

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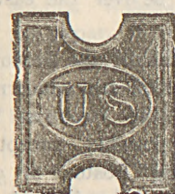
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Which has attained Popularity
BECAUSE OF SUPERIORITY.



Manufactured by

UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE CO.,

LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.

It is probably because of their need of
air as well as of water that fish come to
the surface and even jump out of the
water when the water of a lake or river
is agitated by a wind or a storm.

As a further precaution all of the wa-
ter which enters the troughs passes
through a screen made of the finest wire
screening in the world and although the
supply is of pure spring water, yet on a
close inspection of the screen several va-
rieties of crawling things may be seen.

As soon as the snow is off the ground
200 troughs of fish will be set outside.
As they increase in size not so many can
be kept in one trough. The salmon are
fed three times a day on the ground
liver the same as are the trout. In July

was taken from the lake last summer,
but this must have been one of the first
ones put in.

"Fish," said Mr. Stanley, "can be
made to grow the same as pigs, calves,
hens or anything else by feeding them.
The fish here are twice the size of the
wild fish, simply for the reason that
they are better fed.

This season 100,000 eggs have been
shipped to Caribou, 150,000 to Carleton
brook, Winthrop, 50,000 to the Mon-
mouth hatchery, 50,000 to Moosehead
and on Wednesday 50,000 were shipped
to Lake Sebago.

The trays on which the eggs are
packed to send to different parts of this
state and to other states and on which



VIEW FROM THE VERANDA AT ANGLERS' RETREAT.

it takes 100 pounds a day to feed all the
fish at the hatchery. This meat is
shipped three times a week in refriger-
ator cars from Chicago and is kept in re-
frigerators at the hatchery and when
needed is ground by machinery. The
fish would not thrive unless this meat
were fresh and good.

In the artificial pond are now eighteen
or twenty fish, some of them six years
old, which are Mr. Stanley's special
pets. They know him and will come to
the surface when he is near and will
even eat out of a spoon which he holds
under the water, but will quickly go to
the bottom should a stranger appear on
the scene, so it is not strange if Mr.
Stanley thinks fish have a certain degree
of intelligence.

In another pond are the fifteen albino
salmon sent to this hatchery from
Greene lake.

A salmon has to be two or three years
old at least before it is worth while to
catch it. A salmon weighing 18 pounds

the eggs could be sent in safety across
the ocean are one foot square and hold
about 4,000 eggs each. They are of the
simplest construction, a square of cot-
ton flannel tacked to a frame of wood
and the tray is done. After the eggs are
placed on the trays mosquito netting is
spread over them and they are packed
in large boxes between layers of moss
and are then ready to be shipped to
other hatcheries.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Eggs for hatching sold at Oakdale
Poultry Yard, Portland, Me.

A new book containing Ed Grant's
fair tales has just been issued from the
MAINE WOODS press. Price, 5c. Post-
age, 2c.

Try the Orvis rods and flies on your
fishing trip.

Launch for sale.
E. I. DuPont Co.
Lafin & Rand Powder Co.

Will Build Circuit Camps on the
Allagash.

The "sweil" sporting camps of the
Adirondacks and more pretentious hunt-
ing and fishing regions which, up to
this time, have been strangers to Maine,
are at last to make their appearance
here. Plans are already underway, and
building will begin as soon as the leasee
for the land have been signed for a cir-
cuit of sporting camps on the Allagash
river in northern Maine.

The Allagash region where these
camps will soon be built, the plans be-
ing to have them in operation for the
fall hunting, is among the wildest and
most inaccessible in Maine. The hunt-
ing and fishing in this region is as good
as can be found in the state and the
proposed camps will open up to the
hunters and fishermen a new sporting
paradise.

Some \$15,000 or \$20,000 is to be spent
in erecting and maintaining what bids
fair to be the finest lot of sporting
camps ever built in the state. Work, it
is said, will be commenced now in a few
weeks, and by the time the hunting sea-
son in the fall opens, the camps will be
open to the public. It is even said that
they may be completed in time for the
late spring fishing this year.

At least eight regular sporting camps
will be built and besides these, there are
to be three large, modern, hotel-like
camps where the people can eat and
sleep with all the comforts of a big hos-
telery. Surrounding these large camps
will be numerous small log cabins which
will be let to parties. For instance,
there will be camps for two, camps for
four, for six and then the larger ones.
The people who occupy the smaller
cabins will take their meals at the more
pretentious buildings and here the din-
ing room will be fixed so that each
party can be practically isolated, the
partitions being built so as to give each
little table or set of tables as much priv-
acy as possible, while the small dining
rooms can, if desired, all be opened into
one general room.

Camps will be established at a point
near the foot of Allagash falls, at Round
pond, Long lake, Umsaskis lake, Priest-
ly lake, Chemquasabamticook lake, Clay-
ton pond and Cunliff brook. At Alla-
gash falls, Umsaskis lake and Chem-
quasabamticook lake, at least, large
structures more on the hotel plan are to
be built.

PATRONS CAN MOVE EACH DAY.

Registered guides will be hired to
look after the camps and the patrons.
Competent men will be in charge of
each set of camps and there is to be a
general manager who will look after the
whole arrangement.

The camps as planned will make a
circuit of some 200 miles. All of the

agement in this way sportsmen can
make the entire circuit, have a change
of scenery and fishing or hunting as
often as he pleases and there will be no
extra cost, the \$2 a day covering every-
thing.

There is no doubt but what this cir-
cuit or camps will be started in a few
weeks now and it is expected that the
scheme will be a great success both
from the sportsmen's standpoint and
from that of the men interested in the
scheme.—Exchange.

Strong Sporting.

Special correspondence to Maine Woods.

STRONG, March 21, 1904.

Mark Gray denies the story printed
in last week's MAINE WOODS that he
paid a fine for shooting a deer in close
time. He says he has not shot a deer
for 13 months and that he has never
shot a deer in close time. Mr. Gray
lent his son, Willard B. Gray, the
money to pay his fine.

Strong rabbit hunters are doing con-
siderable rabbit hunting this spring.

Messrs. W. H. Allen and W. E. Bates
had a very exciting coon hunt one night
recently. Mr. Allen discovered a cou-
ple of good fat coons in an unused hen-
house and immediately called on his
good friend, Maj. Bates to assist in cap-
turing the coons. So both gentlemen
armed and equipped themselves and
soon two coons were added to the al-
ready lengthy game list of these
doughty sportsmen.

A White Deer Secured by Game
Warden Perkins.

Recently game warden Perkins of
Bradley took a trip up to Wytopick
and drove 20 miles into the woods to
Johnson's camp, the scene of Reed &
Ring's lumbering operations, and
brought back as a result of the trip a
white deer which the men of the camp
had caught last fall and kept at the
place all winter. The deer was secured
without any difficulty and boxed up and
sent to Monmouth, where it will be
placed in a small park, an object of un-
usual interest.

The warden says the deer are so num-
erous that the lumbermen often have to
get off their teams and drive them out
of the road into the deep snow in order
to get by with their teams. There has
been but little violation of the law in
the matter of ill gal killing this winter
and no one need worry but that there
will be plenty left to shoot at next fall.
The winter has been very severe and
the snow deep, but there have been but
few cases where deer have been found
dead or dying and those people who
say that the cold winters that we have
in this state are slowly exterminating
the deer don't know what they are talk-
ing about. The Maine deer is a pretty
hardy animal, everything considered,
and a few snow storms won't kill them
all off, in the opinion of those who
know.

In the matter of the white deer men-
tioned above, the deer was a young one
and was found by the choppers in the
woods and appeared to be lost and no
mother in sight. The men chased it
and caught it, then took it to camp and
the cook being a kindhearted man fed
it on the finest fare the camp afforded.
Of course it is against the law to catch
or have in one's possession any deer or
parts of a deer during close time but in
the present case the lumbermen were
actually doing a service to the state in
taking it in for alone the deer would
have undoubtedly died, it being too
young to look after itself. The animal
is somewhat of a curiosity as white
deer are seldom seen in this state.—Ken-
nebec Journal.

WANTS, FOR SALE, ETC.

FOR SALE. A few English setter blood
bitches and pups. FRANK FORESTER KEN-
NEL, Warwick, N. Y.

* Norwegian bearhounds, Irish wolfhounds,
deer and cat hounds, English bloodhounds,
American foxhounds.
Stamp for illustrated catalogue.
ROOKWOOD KENNELS, Lexington, Ky.

Wanted.

Position as manager of sporting camp or
summer hotel by experienced man and wife.
BOX 501, Hardwick, Vt.

Wanted.

Position to take charge of a first-class hotel
or charge of office. Have had experience and
can give first-class references. Address
MAINE WOODS INFORMATION BUREAU,
Phillips, Me.

Wanted.

To purchase two copies of Hubbard's Guide to
Northern Maine. Anyone having copies to
sell please write, stating price, to
SUMNER R. HOOPER,
Milton Academy,
Milton, Mass.

Wanted.

A full blood male Cocker Spaniel dog; must
be well broken to hunt partridges and bring
in dead birds. Must also be of clean habits
around the house and not over 3 years old.
Write, stating price, to GRANT FULLER,
Stratton, Me.

Wanted.

To purchase a small parcel of land in the
deep woods, near lake shore, on which to put
a shack for hunting and camping purposes.
Price must be reasonable. Address
MAINE WOODS INFORMATION BUREAU,
Phillips, Maine.

MAINE WOODS,

PHILLIPS, MAINE.

Issued Weekly. \$1.00 a Year.

MAINE WOODS solicits communications and fish and game photographs from its readers. When ordering the address of your paper changed, please give the old as well as new address.

If you want it stopped, pay to date and say so.

Maine Woods Information Bureau gives information on Summer Resorts and Fishing and Shooting. Boston office, 147 Summer St., with Boston Home Journal.

J. W. BRACKETT.

This Edition of Maine Woods
5,450.

FRIDAY, MARCH 25, 1904.

A Regular Fish Mine.

HAVERHILL, MASS., March 18, 1904.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

Seeing so many congealed yarns being spun this winter about the great thickness of the ice, I will tell you what I encountered many years ago up in northern Maine. It was near the end of the coldest winter known to the "oldest inhabitant" that a boy companion and myself started out for a day's fishing through the ice on the lake, the shores of which skirted the farm. We selected a place to cut our holes a little out from a steep ledge that drooped down to the shore where we knew the water was very deep. Taking turns at chopping ice, we found we had a hard task as we had gone the length of the handle of the ice chisel, and no water gurgled up. Then we marked a circle about the diameter of a well, and chopped and threw out the ice with a shovel until the hole was so deep that this could not be done any longer, and my partner suggested I return to the house and get a rope and bucket, and he would chop and fill whilst I drew it up and emptied the chips. Thus we worked harder than we ever did on the farm, until the rope which was a pretty long one would scarcely reach the bottom of the well.

All at once my companion yelled out, "By Jimminy, here I am at the bottom of the deepest hole in the lake and the fish are all frozen in," and at the same time he shoved a big lump in the bucket and I drew up a tremendous bass frozen in a cake of ice. On chopping him out I found in the mouth of that 26-pound bass a favorite fish-hook, much rusted, which I had bought at Cy Gammon's store the summer before, and for which I had traded Cy a big eel skin which he said he wanted for bag strings. I had never dared to tell in the village of the big fish I hooked down in the lake for fear I would not be believed, but now I had the evidence.

"Well, if you believe me, the bottom of that deep hole where the fish had retreated when the lake froze was a sight to astonish a fish hog. There were toge, perch, trout, pickerel, bass, white fish, roach, suckers, smelts, cusk eels and bull-heads, all encased in that mass of ice. We kept mum that night about our fish mine and laid our plans.

A big pile of wood had been hauled up in the yard which was to be chopped and stored for a year's use, and we decided we would let it stay out that summer, and convert the big wood-shed into a combined fish morgue and ice house. So we boarded up the studding, filled in sawdust and began to harvest fish. We tunneled along the bottom of our ice hole in the lake and took out big cakes which were about one-half fish and one-half ice, and filled our big ice house for future use. My father had a large number of stay-long relatives who were in the habit of visiting us every winter, and boarding several weeks with their horses, and as a matter of economy and thrift, the fish came in handy. We would give them breakfast of one kind of fish, dinner of another and supper of another, with small fry for side dishes, and when they went away, remarked incidentally that the fish would last about two years longer. They did not come, however, the next winter.

Sometime afterwards I went to spend the night and slept with my boy companion who had helped me discover the fish mine. We found on going to bed that those fish bones had acted like porcupines quills, and neither of us could get our shirts off. We were really in a bad way. We went to the druggist for advice, and he showed us a cabinet of Dr. Munyon's specialties and told us to take our choice. We took some medicine and felt better, but made up our minds that we had had fish enough. So we sold out our cold storage to a wholesale fish concern for \$800.00 and divided the profits. That is the last time I have fished through the ice and had any luck.

CHARLES K. FOX.

Sworn to at Haverhill, Mass., Feb. 29, 1900.

Saddleback Camps in Winter.

Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.

RANGELEY, March 21, 1904.

Did you ever get hard up for fun? When a person who likes to hunt, fish and camp out, and who does that sort of thing all summer, has to work in a stuffy old shop or store all winter about March 1 he is going to find that he is hard up for fun.

That is the way Chas. Barrett, J. A. Russell and myself found ourselves a short ago time and we decided that we would try and find a remedy. So one morning Barrett and I started for Saddleback Club Camps by way of Dead River pond with the understanding that Russell would join us late in the day, coming by a different route.

We got away from town at 9 o'clock. Nothing could have been nicer than was the first two miles of walking on a wood road. Then we put on our showshoes and took to the woods. We plundered through a swamp for half an hour, then crossed the pond and entered a lot of deer yards. Deer, foxes and partridges had left many footprints in the snow and we thought it strange that we saw none of them. Once we jumped some deer but they were in a path and made good their escape without being seen. We found the snow by careful measurement to be about three feet deep in open growth and this we considered hardly sufficiently deep to endanger the deer very much from hunters, especially if their wind was no better than ours.

I allowed Barrett to lead me for the first two miles up the mountain till we set down to "take five." Here Barrett produced a big junk of cake and began to eat. I had no lunch because I wanted to get good and hungry, but I looked so lank and gone that Barrett divided his cake with me. This was not the first time my appearance has stood me in good stead on similar occasions.

After lunch I took the lead and in less than two minutes I lost the trail so completely that it did not look right to us again for the day. However, we kept what we thought was the trail a long way. I tried to keep an argument going in regard to it, but Barrett would not bite very well.

Finally we came out on Rock pond quite near camp having in some mysterious way avoided two of the most heartbreaking hills to be found in the whole country. This is similar to what always happens to me when I get lost. Only we found no water running up hill or discovered any new ponds.

Near this spot a great thing happened. Barrett took a header! Yes, he tipped and went foremost into the snow. His knapsack loaded with provisions and a big camera were on the back of his head and his snowshoes were in the air. I recovered from the effect after a time sufficiently to follow him to camp.

Arriving at camp we discovered that neither of us had the keys. Russell has charge of them in town, so we felt sure he would think to bring them.

I took a light of glass from one window and standing on my hands outside, Barrett took me by the ankles and run me into the window like a wheelbarrow. Then we got the staple out of the door and opened it.

The first job was to shovel out a cart-load of snow that had drifted in. Then we built a fire and began getting lunch. We had biscuits, potatoes, bacon, fried eggs and coffee.

About the time lunch was ready Russell appeared with his dog, coming from across the pond. We shouted to him if he had the keys and he nearly fell down. The shock rendered him so weak that he had a hard time climbing the hill to the camp because he had forgotten them also.

After lunch Russell entertained us with a dog show. "Sport" would set up, speak, roll over, jump a stick and die "dead as a herring." I liked that last trick best. If I ever own a dog I shall teach him to die first of all. There are about 50 dogs in Rangeley village that ought to be taught that trick. It was really a good show. The best of it was that when he was told to do a thing we never knew which of his tricks he would spring on us.

After lunch, while I was washing the dishes and making a pea soup, the boys got into the other camp through a window. They seemed to be experts at that business. Then we got a lot of wood and cut it up, aired the bedding and got a good fire started in the Franklin fireplace.

That evening it was pretty cold everywhere and we huddled very close to the fire. I got in a corner as much out of sight as possible and listened to the wild tales of my companions till ten o'clock. (See footnote No. 1) During the evening we took a flashlight photograph of the scene with a whole battery of cameras, each of us having one. The evening's program was closed by Barrett stepping in a mirror that I laid on the

floor just for a moment. We had spring beds, an abundance of bedding and although the night was very cold I never slept more comfortable in my life.

There was water on top of the ice so we did not have to cut through the three feet of ice to get water. I was glad of this for I feared if we got a hole through someone would be tempted to fish.

The next morning I discovered that I had lost my spectacles. I spent the whole forenoon in raking over the snow where I cut wood the night before and taking an inventory of the contents of both camps. I found them to contain every needed article except spectacles. No amount of search revealed any trace of anything in that line and anyone visiting these camps in the future must go provided with these. As for myself I shall either leave mine at home or tie them to me.

After lunch we all went cruising, Barrett and Russell to search for moss with which to chink the holes in the camp and I in search of adventure.

We had intended to climb the mountain on this trip but it looked pretty icy up there and our toes were already quite sore from snowshoeing.

I found where several hedgehogs were living but as yet they had not begun making the customary spring calls on each other. I saw one partridge but no bears, though I saw many likely looking holes among the ledges. I took a photograph of the mountain and returned to camp.

When I came in sight of the pond I saw Barrett out near the middle. He was on his knees with head and shoulders down in a hole that he was chopping in the ice. I shouted to him and he jumped as though stabbed with a knife. I asked him what he was doing. He looked down at the hole, then up at the sky, at the ax and everywhere except at me and finally explained that he came here for the double purpose of entertaining me with stories and making a scientific analysis of the water in these ponds with which a company expects to water Rangeley village next summer.

That night it was more comfortable in camp, the weather having moderated. In the evening Russell popped us some corn. He said it was best popped in lard so he fried some pork and put the corn in the fat. The first kernel that popped was as if a slice of beef had been thrown violently into the pan, and by the time it was half popped the fat was all gone. He next made a popper from a two-pound coffee can with a wire run through its axle, with a crank on one end and operated it like a peanut roaster, having removed the covers from the cookstove and hung it over the flames. This worked fine and he thinks he will make some of these to sell in his hardware store.

That evening Russell took a flashlight of himself alone sitting by the fire because he wanted something real nice for his own exclusive purpose. I trust a portion at least of this picture will come out clear. (See footnote No. 2.)

We came home by another route—down the log road to where it crosses the old Dill road built by Squire Rangeley and home that way. We were detained often by Russell who frequently insisted on pointing out places where he has killed deer and shot partridges. We tried to keep count of the number of deer and partridges he had killed along the route but soon lost count. (See footnote No. 3.)

We got home in time to eat a hasty lunch and get to town meeting in season to raise an objection to some motion that were being passed upon.

We had a good time but snow and ice on the kitchen floor had not melted a bit when we left camp.

Footnotes.

FOOTNOTE No. 1.—Barrett and Russell are married men while I am a confirmed old bachelor. It will be long ere I again put myself in the power of those fellows.

FOOTNOTE No. 2.—I had placed my chamber crockery on the hearth to thaw and it escaped his notice till after the photograph was taken.

FOOTNOTE No. 3.—We thought Russell lied quite a lot. D. E. HEYWOOD.

Mrs. J. S. Freese Registered Guide.
Shooting, canoeing and camera parties taken. Address,
Riverton, - Maine.

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Shooting, fishing, canoeing, camping, mountain climbing, driving and bicycling parties taken. Good references.
Mrs. FORREST DURRELL, Dead River, Me

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BY GEO. N. VAN DYKE.
The forests, lakes, ponds and streams, the camps and lodges, guides, game and game laws of the great wilderness. Illustrated, 100 pages. Price 25c. With MAINE WOODS one year, \$1.10

Extra Boston Train.

Travel into this state has developed so greatly during the past few years that the Boston & Maine has found hard work in handling the passengers who daily leave Boston at 9 A. M., on one train. Consequently in order to meet the increasing demands this road, this year, intends to run two trains. In addition to the train leaving Boston at 9 o'clock in the morning, there will be a train which will leave at 10 o'clock. It will be an express on the eastern division, stopping only at Portsmouth.

On arrival of these two trains at Portland their disposition over the Maine Central will be as follows: The 9 o'clock train will leave Portland at 12:25 and will go through to Rockland, while the 10 o'clock train from Boston will leave Portland at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, and go through to Bar Harbor.

The return from Portland of this extra train to Boston will probably be at 6:05 P. M. over the western division. In consequence of this arrangement the train leaving Portland at 8 P. M. for Boston will probably be over the eastern division.

So far as the trains of the Boston & Maine and Maine Central are concerned, they will be exactly the same as last summer, with the possible exception that the train leaving Boston at 9:45 P. M. will be held until the arrival of the new train from New York to Boston, which reaches Boston at 10 P. M. The date for the summer change has been set for June 13, when the through train from Portland and New York will be put on.

WHERE TO GO FISHING.

Ask Maine Woods Information Bureau for circulars and particulars, Phillips, Me.

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In the Dead Spring Lake, River Region.

Best of Early Fishing

For Salmon, Square Tail Trout and Lake Trout that weigh from 2 to 9 pounds. One day's ride from Boston. Only 2 1/2 miles of buckboard road. Lake 3 1/2 miles long, 1 1/2 miles wide, surrounded by mountains covered with green woods. Cabins are very pleasantly situated on the shore of this lake. Spring beds, new blankets and clean linen make our beds all that could be desired. New boats and canoes. Best of stream fishing near. We have canoe trips that take you by some of the grandest scenery in Maine, with good fishing all the way. Telephone connections at home camps with main line and doctor's office. Purest of spring water. Hay fever unknown. Excellent food. This is an ideal place to spend the summer with your family. Terms reasonable. Correspondence solicited.
JOHN CARVILLE, Flagstaff, Maine.

FIRST SPRING FISHING

and the best in all America is to be had at Moosehead Lake. Many tons of big trout and lakera caught here every season. Mount Kinross House is in the very center of the best fishing grounds; offers every comfort for fishermen; is easy to reach. Come early; yes YOU! Handsome information booklet sent free. Address C. A. JUDKINS, Manager, Kineo, Maine.

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Near all Theatres and Large Stores

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Cuisine Unexcelled,
Excellent Music,
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Edition De Luxe. One thousand copies, by Bert Jones. Publishers' price, \$2.00 a copy. To MAINE WOODS readers with the paper one year, \$2.50, postage paid. Address

J. W. BRACKETT, Publisher, MAINE Woods, Phillips, Maine.

For six new subscribers for MAINE WOODS at \$1.00 each, I will send a copy of this book free.
J. W. BRACKETT, Phillips, Me.

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CAMP SUPPLIES for sportsmen, carefully packed for transportation. Send for prices. S. S. Pierce Co., Tremont & Beacon sts., Boston

SPORTSMEN'S BEST PACKS, \$15.00. Best nowshoes, \$10.00. Burnt Leather a specialty. J. H. Hosmer, Norway, Me.

RANGELEY LAKE COTTAGE LOTS. Very desirable. Rangeley Cottage Co. Enquire of H. M. Burrows, Rangeley Lake House, Rangeley, or J. W. Brackett, Phillips, Me.

SMOKELESS GUN POWDER. Important discovery in gun powder manufacture, by which anyone can make his own gun powder. It costs but 10 to 15 cents a pound. It's twice as strong as black powder. It also makes a splendid blasting powder. Shop rights. For sale by Frank X. Schuster, Rader, Mich.

CAMP AND HOTEL PRINTING.

There is nothing like arranging for your printing early. The season of 1904 will be on before we realize it and we can't make a mistake by getting an idea of how to lay out next season's printing. Special prices and special arrangements for camp and hotel printing. I know what you need for cuts.

J. W. BRACKETT.

MAINE Woods, Phillips, Me.

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Beautiful island with log camps containing many up to date improvements, large broad piazza, etc. Camps built on a knoll about 75 feet from lake shore. Ice house with season's supply of ice. Lake abounds in salmon, bass and pickerel, while large and small game is abundant. Address for further particulars G. GOLDSMITH, Norway, Maine.

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50,000 acres of fishing and hunting preserve is controlled here. Moose, deer and small game are abundant. Many brooks, lakes and ponds furnish fly fishing, where trout and salmon rise to the fly every day in the season. Log cabins are situated on the different lakes and ponds and twenty camps on King and Bartlett lake furnish hospitality to the man who fishes and shoots. For circulars and further information, address

HARRY M. PIERCE,

Spencer, Maine.

Farmington, Maine, until May 15.

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FOX TRAPPING. Sure and honest method. Fully warranted. Stamp for reasonable terms. R. P. D. No. 2. EDGAR R. PAGE, Bucksport, Me.

NEWHOUSE TRAPS, the standard for over 50 years. Oneida Community, Limited, Oneida, N. Y.

TRAPPERS. Don't fail to secure my 44 year's experience in trapping. How to take the fox, \$5.00; otter, \$2.00; muskrat, \$2.00; coon, \$2.00; all combined \$7.00. Send right along and you won't be any disappointed. Wm. P. TOWNSEND West Buxton, Me.

BURBANK'S TROUT OIL SCENT for mink, is the most perfect, the most scientific, the most up to date scent in this or any other country. The first and only scent ever placed on the market with the formula printed upon every bottle, and guaranteed or money refunded. Price \$1.00 per bottle. Sample 25c postpaid. Burbank's Fox Decoy is a first-class scent. Price 25 and 50 cents per bottle postpaid. If you want traps or trappers supplies. Write N. C. BURBANK, New Portland, Maine.

TRAPPERS.



Kinne's Fox and Mink Scent will catch them. Forty years' experience at trapping. Try a bottle and you will receive returns. That tells the death knell to those who deceive. If you want steel traps, shot guns, rifles or anything in the trapping or hunting outfit, write me. L. P. KINNE, Lebanon, N. H.

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Trappers.

How to trap the fox, and best scent for the fox, \$2; Mink, \$2; Otter, \$2; Fisher, \$2; Sable and Martin, \$2; Coon and Muskrat, \$5 each; Bear, \$5; Lynx and Wildcat, \$5. Each recipe tells how and where to set the trap to catch the animal you are after, in snow, in water, and on land, also how to make and use scent. These scents are thoroughly reliable, honest methods. They are no drug store compounds. They are worth many dollars to the trapper, and are guaranteed to be as good, if not the best on the market. Professional trappers charge \$25 for recipes exactly like these. They explain fully how to trap, where to trap, how to bait and what to bait with, how to fix the bait and where to put it so the animal will not get it without getting into the trap. The most essential part of trapping is to set your traps just right, then your bait and scent will do the rest. My recipes teach you how to set to catch. They are reliable and dirt cheap, honest methods. Don't set traps for fun, but set for fur—that is what you want. Send along the price and I will instruct you how to get the fur. I will sell Fox, Mink, Fisher, Sable and Martin, the lot, for \$5, if ordered within 10 days from the date this paper was printed. Coon, Muskrat, Bear, Lynx and Wildcat, this lot for \$7 if ordered within 10 days, as above. The whole lot combined, if ordered in ten days, for \$10. Satisfaction guaranteed or money cheerfully refunded and you keep the recipes as a present. Address, DENISON PERRY DAVIS, Windham County, Brattleboro, Vt.

[I have read Mr. Davis's recipes for animal scents and believe them to be all right.—Ed.]

TRAPS AND TRAPPERS.

Mink and Fox Trapping.

Well, brother trappers, as I am a subscriber of the MAINE WOODS and Hunter, Trader, Trapper I read a great many articles on trapping fox and mink. I am very much interested in this matter, as I have trapped for several years and when I see an article containing the words "mink" and "fox" they bring back those many experiences which I have had with them. Of course it is well to read all these articles on trapping but don't believe all you read is true for if you do you will have a million methods to practice and your success will be poor. I have bought several methods on fox trapping and as a whole the principal foundation is the same.

Now, young trappers, I think the principal fault with you all is the setting of your traps. Of course, you know, or if you don't I'll tell you, that the most essential thing is when you set your traps to have the place perfectly natural, do not overturn anything or leave the place as if a whirlwind had been there. If you do you never will have success even if you have the best of scent or bait.

The water method for fox is good enough but there is everything in selecting the place as you will find from experience, and the fox is no fool, for he knows as well as you when anything

is not right and is out of its place, therefore the uttermost care must be taken in placing and baiting your trap.

Now about a bait for the fox. I will give you a good recipe right here and if you do it right you will have success, but there are other baits that are better, but it costs more to put them up and besides you will have to pay for them, as I do and all others if you get the original. Take some clean jars, chop up some rabbit in small pieces, put it in jars and let it rot all summer, using great care not to leave any human scent on same; then add one pint fish oil. Now set your traps well and carefully, bait them with this and Mr. Fox is yours.

Mink trapping is easy and a brook trout placed so the mink will have to step on the trap to get it, will catch him nine times out of ten.

If this writing escapes the waste basket I will come again.

Your brother trapper,
"BIRDIE."

Owner of a Good Dog.

RIDGELAND, Wis., March 18, 1904.

I have received some samples of MAINE WOODS and am pleased with the paper. I like to hunt and trap. I have one full blood fox hound bitch which I call Singer. She is a dandy on foxes but no good for wild-cats as she is too fast. A cat is not much of a runner and when one is crowded too fast it makes the cat mad—then look out.

I got one cat this winter, a female that weighed 20 pounds. When I use the dog I use a shot gun, ten gauge new Baker. I got one deer last fall. I used a 30—40 U. S. army rifle. I have two foxes to skin now.

I am a head sawyer by trade and have just finished one cut. I will hunt skunks and foxes for two weeks while the mill is being moved to another cut.

EDWARD CLYNGENPEEL.

RABBITS AND FOXES.

Excellent Sport to Be Found Near Portland, Maine.

Few people realize it, but the hunting about Portland at the present time, is really excellent for those who care to brave the big snow drifts of the woods. The report was brought in from Cash's Corner, Friday morning, that not only is that district plentifully supplied with rabbits, but there are some foxes around which are offering rare sports.

The snow in the woods is said to be three feet and a half deep in all places, and even deeper in the hollows. It is absolutely impossible to enter the woods and do any hunting without snow-shoes, unless one wishes to wallow up to his arm-pits in the snow.

With a pair of snowshoes and a shot gun, and a good dog—for a dog is essential at this season—some rare good sport may be assured. Rabbits are reported as being white and fat and plentiful. They are hard to see, because of their color, but a good dog will track them, and furnish sufficient marks for the skill of the man with the rifle. One man recently went into the woods near Cash's corner and had not been gone more than an hour before he returned with four fine rabbits.

It is the nearness of this district to the city that makes huntsmen fear there is no desirable hunting to be secured, but there is, and plenty of it.

But it is not only rabbits, the Nimrods of Portland will find in the nearby country to shoot at. No, indeed, for there are foxes out there, not of course, as numerous as the rabbits,—that would be impossible—but still fairly plentiful.

A Saco man in a recent trip through the woods near Cash's corner shot a wood fox, a cross between a red and silver gray. The majority of them however, are the ordinary red foxes, but even these are prizes, and are well worth a man's time to hunt.

One old Reynard there is out on the Cape, which has caused more worry and more excitement than any other animal. He has been chased numerous times, but never been caught. A sagacious beast he is, and one which, though willing to provide a little sport, does not yet care to be seized or cornered by the dogs.

On numerous occasions this same old fellow—he is described as being a big fox, as well as an old one—has been chased by both men and dogs, but has always managed to elude both. On one occasion he was followed over the golf links, across the road and down the hill over old Rigby park. He escaped as he had many times before.

To capture this wily animal seems to be the aim of most hunters frequenting the region about Cash's corner, and until they do, they will not rest satisfied. In the meantime, other foxes and rabbits are being shot, and enthusiastic hunters are taking the cars, Saturday afternoon, for the nearest hunting grounds Portland has.

A GREAT HUNTER.

Such Indeed Is Nathan B. Moore Of Bingham, Me.

There are few Maine sportsmen, who have hunted in the Bingham country, so called, who do not know Nathan B. Moore, of that place. It is also very probable that the greater per cent of the men from outside who hunt big game in the forests of Maine each year have heard of him, while among the guides of the state his reputation is well known, and stories of his adventures form the subject of many a camp fire story after the day's hunt. There is little question that Mr. Moore is the oldest hunter in the state and that he has more game to his credit than has any other man who ever hunted in our woods. For more than 70 years Mr. Moore has tramped through the great northern wilderness, hunting all the big game animals which have inhabited these woods. When he first started in to hunt, the game laws were few and amounted to but very little. Then the woods were running full of all kinds of game, moose and caribou were then to be had as easily as deer are today—perhaps more easily. There was no restriction as to the number of them that could be killed in a season. Most people thought they would last forever. But they did not understand those things then, as they do today. Had they, conditions would have been different. No one, then supposed that the day would come when thousands of men and women would come into Maine each fall and spend thousands, yes hundreds of thousands, of dollars for the privilege of shooting a deer or a moose. Had they even supposed this, it is safe to say that greater care would have been used in preserving the supply of big game, especially moose and caribou, so that there might be a greater incentive for people to come here.

But they felt, like those who had preceded them, that all the hunting would be done by those who simply wanted the meat or the hide that is, for gain only. Hence they kill more game than they should have, as the situation is viewed today. But it would be wrong for one to say that they killed wantonly, for at the time here was no indication of the exhaustion of the supply and very few had even given that proposition a thought.

To get back to Mr. Moore and something about his career in the woods and the lesson it teaches. This lesson is one which, if followed by all those who hunt in Maine's woods, who do away with that horrible list of shooting accidents which has been conspicuous with the annual resume of the hunting season, printed in the papers each fall.

In the 70 odd years that Mr. Moore has hunted he has killed 276 moose over 200 caribou, over 100 bears and unnumbered deer and other smaller animals and yet he never has so much as wounded a human being, which is a record to be proud of. And yet the whole secret of this is living up to one of the simplest rules which a man can follow. It is simply this:

"Never shoot until you know what you are shooting at."

That rule Mr. Moore made at the very outset of his career as a hunter and he has followed it, with one exception all his life, with the result above told. That exception was one, which it seems was a reasonable one. One afternoon he was out hunting and shot a fox. He dressed the fox and threw the entrails into a small clump of bushes, taking the pelt home with him. Next morning he went out on a hunt and went over the same territory as on the previous afternoon. Arriving at the clump of bushes he could hear a noise in there and could see something moving. He knew that it must be an animal, for there was not room for a person, so he took a chance and fired. With the report of the rifle a great golden eagle soared up into the air for a short distance and then tumbled back dead. The eagle measured seven feet and two inches from tip of wing to tip of wing.

By reason of his close observance of his rule Mr. Moore has lost many a moose, caribou and bear, and his record is so much lessened thereby, but he says that he is glad of it, for he would rather never have killed any game than to have a human life charged against him.

That his rule has saved him from shooting, at least, one man. Mr. Moore knows. The story of how this occurred is well worth telling, for it shows how a cool headed man, even in the excitement of coming upon a big game animal, which he has tracked for miles, can have control enough of himself to stop and think.

He got upon the track of a moose one day and started in to follow him. It was a long chase, but he kept gaining,

for in a chase of this kind, though not generally known, a man will always gain upon a moose. At least he was so close that he could hear the big animal as he crashed through the woods and over the dry limbs on the ground. With renewed vigor he continued the chase and in due course of time came within sight of his game. He was standing about 12 rods distant, as pretty a shot as a man of Moore's ability could wish for. Up went the rifle, which had never failed before, and the finger pressure was to the trigger. It refused to work. The lock was frozen. Before it could be thawed out Mr. Moore was gone.

The chase had to start all over again. This time it did not last so long, for coming into a spruce growth the hunter saw, not more than three rods away the moose standing head toward him. He was confident that it was the same moose, for the breast as it appeared, through the opening, was as black as a bear, and in the view which he had previously had the animal such was the case. His rifle sprang to his shoulder and he was ready to fire. Then he remembered something.

A moose, standing in the woods, either face to or back to a hunter, as he views him through the opening of the boughs frequently looks like a man, therefore it was possible that a man might have the appearance of a moose, if viewed in the same way. All that he had to convince him that it was his moose, was that it was black and looked like a moose's breast.

Remembering this he took three steps to the left and there he saw his moose was a man, from a nearby lumber camp, who was standing beside a logging road waiting for a team. In telling of this Mr. Moore says that he was never more frightened in his life than at that moment.

Our Local Birds.

[BY DANA SWEET.]

(Continued from last week)

It is a great advantage to anyone desiring to learn the names of birds to have a list of all the birds of his or her locality with the date of the arrival of each species.

I give below a list of those that I have been able to identify, with the earliest date of arrival of each for the last two years. The dates of the summer residents up to the middle of April are for last year:

Permanent Residents.

Ruffed Grouse, Barred Owl, Hairy Woodpecker, Downy Woodpecker, Pileated Woodpecker, Blue Jay, Canada Jay, Goldfinch, Brown Creeper, White-breasted Nuthatch, Red-breasted Nuthatch, Black-capped Chickadee, Golden Crowned Kinglet.

Winter Residents.

Pine Grosbeak, Oct. 25; Arctic Three-toed Woodpecker, Nov. 21; Redpoll, Dec. 14; Snowbird, Feb. 20.

Migrants.

Lark, March 3, Oct. 22; Tree Sparrow, March 10, Oct. 22; Fox Sparrow, Oct. 11; Ruby-crowned Kinglet, April 24, Oct. 4; Pipit, May 12; Solitary Snipe, May 18; White-crowned Sparrow, May 19, Oct. 11.

Summer Residents.

Crow, March 2; Bluebird, March 11; Robin, March 14; Junco, March 18; Song Sparrow, March 19; Cowbird, March 21; Purple Finch, March 22; Crow Blackbird; Red-winged Blackbird, March 23; Phoebe, March 25; Wren, April 10; Yellow-bellied Woodpecker, April 10; Golden-winged Woodpecker, April 10; Tree Swallow, April 11; Great Blue Heron; Vesper Sparrow, April 11; Savanna Sparrow, April 12; Hermit Thrush, April 12; Marsh Hawk; Chipping Sparrow, April 18; Loggerhead Shrike, April 18; Bittern, April 20; Fish Hawk, April 23; White-throated Sparrow, April 24; Kingfisher, April 25; Blue-headed Vireo; Myrtle Warbler, April 29; Barn Swallow, April 29; Black-throated Green Warbler, May 3; Black and White Warbler, May 8; Field Sparrow, May 8; Sharp-shinned Hawk, May 8; Chebec, May 6; Swift, May 7; Whip-poor-will, May 7; Crested Flycatcher, May 8; Yellow Warbler, May 8; Parula Warbler, May 8; Nashville Warbler, May 8; Ovenbird, May 8; Black-throated Blue Warbler, May 8; Spotted Sandpiper, May 8; Redstart, May 9; Rose-breasted Grosbeak, May 9; Magnolia Warbler, May 10; Chestnut-sided Warbler, May 11; Waterthrush, May 11; Maryland Yellowthroat, May 11; Baltimore Oriole, May 12; Kingbird, May 12; Eave Swallow, May 12; Bank Swallow, May 12; Purple Martin, May 12; Blackburnian Warbler, May 14; Bobolink, May 14; Catbird, May 14; Canadian Warbler, May 15; Scarlet Tanager, May 17; Red-tailed Hawk, May 17; Veery Thrush, May 18; Red-eyed Vireo, May 18; Broad-winged Hawk, May 19;

Pewee, May 18; Humming Bird, May 19; Bay-breasted Warbler, May 19; Indigo Bunting, May 20; Nighthawk, May 21; Olive-backed Thrush, May 22; Morning Warbler, May 22; Olive-sided Flycatcher, May 22; Black-billed Cuckoo; Cedar Waxwing, May 24; Alder Flycatcher, May 25; Brown thrasher, May 27.

We have two introduced resident species: The domestic Pigeon and the house Sparrow ("English Sparrow") which are too well known to require description. Laws should be enacted requiring towns to employ expert gunners to shoot house Sparrows and destroy their eggs. By making a determined effort these miserable pests could probably be exterminated.

For bird study one should have a good text-book on ornithology describing all the birds in his locality.

The best one is Cone's Key to North American Birds, published by Dana Estes & Co., Boston, Mass.

The only other good bird book that I know of is Chapman's Handbook of Eastern North America, published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, N. Y.

These books can be obtained from Benjamin Hoag, Stephentown, N. Y., Cone's Key for \$0.50 and Chapman's Handbook for \$2.25.

Every bird student in Maine should be a member of the Maine Ornithological society. The dues for active members are \$1.00 a year and for associate members, \$0.50 a year. Prof. William Powers of Gardiner is the secretary. Members receive free the Journal of the Maine Ornithological society, which is published quarterly by J. Merton Swain, Fairfield, Maine. For those who are not members the price is \$0.50 a year.

The Warbler is a 16-page bimonthly. The first member was issued January, 1903. The price is \$0.30 for three years. Address, The Warbler, Floral Park, New York.

Another most excellent magazine is American Ornithology, published monthly by Chas. K. Reed, Worcester, Mass. Price, \$1.00 a year.

Bird Lore is published once in two months by MacMillan Co., 66 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. Price, \$1.00 a year. In the last December number is begun a series of colored plates representing all the plumages of North American warblers.

The best thing I know of for bird study in schools is a series of Educational Leaflets, issued by the National Committee of Audubon societies.

The leaflets are 5½x8½ inches, four pages. The first page is illustrated with a half-tone 4x5 inches of the species treated, from original drawings by Fuertes. The second page gives the description and distribution of the species while the remainder of the leaflet gives the latest facts from data furnished by the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

Each leaflet contains a series of "Study Points for Teachers and Scholars." These leaflets can be obtained by writing to William Dutcher, 525 Manhattan Ave., New York, N. Y.

If possible one should have a binocular field glass or an opera glass. This is not absolutely necessary, however, for one who is patient and persistent may at times be able to approach within a few feet of the shyest of birds.

(Continued next week.)

STODDARD HOUSE ARRIVALS.

Special correspondence to MAINE WOODS.

FARMINGTON, March 21, 1904.

Among the prominent arrivals at the Stoddard House the past week were:

D. Whitehouse, Augusta; R. E. Savoy, F. A. Sparrow, W. B. Adie, Portland; E. A. Gray, L. S. Briggs, S. W. Smith, L. E. Knox, Boston; B. W. Emerson, Sumner C. Lang, Portland; E. O. Russell, Rockland; F. Lathrop, Barney Aron, Boston; W. C. Jordan, New York; F. C. Barnes, Bangor; C. L. Briggs, Boston; A. P. Gordon, Fryeburg; W. F. Weeks, Portland; M. E. Tucker, Dixfield; L. G. Blunt, H. F. Smith, S. P. Felker, Peter McDonough, Portland; D. P. Andrews, Lewiston; W. F. Senter, Boston; G. L. Russell, Providence; J. P. Mayo, Fairfield; J. P. Arnold, Boston; H. H. Merry, Lewiston; George A. Scott, Boston; C. K. Barker, Lewiston; F. A. Dole, H. L. Noble, Boston; I. S. Fogg, wife and son, Lansing, Mich.; C. E. Lewis, Lewiston; Chas. F. Reed, J. H. Dow, Boston; A. L. Berry, Portland; H. R. Melzar, Hartford, Conn.; H. A. Gerrard, C. D. Woodman, J. Deroy, Boston; F. M. Coffin, Boston; J. L. Cummings and wife, Livermore Falls; W. H. Littlefield, Chas. O. McLean, Portland; A. W. Taylor, Mount Vernon.

Articles and Pictures.

MAINE WOODS readers are requested to contribute items and articles about their experiences in the woods for publication in MAINE WOODS and those who have photographs to go with the stories should send them.

J. W. BRACKETT.

Phillips, Jan. 11, 1903.

A Fish Story.

Special correspondence to Maine Woods.

NORTH POND CAMPS, }
March 21, 1904.

The narrative which I am about to relate happened in the season of 1903 some time the first of June. I was guiding a gentlemen by the name of Mr. M. from New York on Belgrade lake. We had been fly fishing all day for bass and after lunch the wind came up fresh and cold so it ended our fly fishing for that day. I suggested a little trolling and as we had a trolling rig we had fitted up. The day before we began to work down the "west shore." We caught several bass on our way down and as we neared "Blaisdell shore," where there were several large brush piles thrown into the edge of the water (making a "bully" place for a sulky pickerel,) Mr. M. had a strike.

I immediately rowed out into deeper water and was waiting with my dip net to land the fish as soon as Mr. M. could reel him in. An acclamation from Mr. M., who was the first to see the fish, "I've three."

To my surprise, too, Mr. M. had a bass of about a pound on a fly which

was above the leader, a pickerel of perhaps 4 of a pound on one of the "gangs" of the Archer spinner and a very large pickerel following along viewing the smelt which still was intact. I quickly took in the situation and in less than ten seconds had a 5 1/2-pound pickerel in my net jumping all over the boat.

Mr. M. in his excitement pulled in, hand over hand, the smaller pickerel and bass as he remarked in the evening at the hotel that during his 30 years of fishing experiences nothing like it had ever happened before.

It only goes to show the greediness of the fish and we would like awfully well to exterminate him in our lakes, still we should miss him as a pan fish and as an unexpected biter.

As a result of a hearing held in Palmyra, last week, the fish and game commissioners voted to close White pond, in that town, to all ice fishing for a period of four years beginning next October. This is a very small pond and the citizens of the town prefer to have the fish saved for the season when there are summer visitors in the town.



GEORGE H. BURTIS, WORCESTER, MASS., AND HIS CELEBRATED POINTER DOG, DICK, A GRANDSON OF WM. TELL.

- Loaned by George H. Burtis.

Trade Notes.

For spring shooting no arm appeals to the sportsman more than the 22 caliber rifle. Among arms of this type the Savage 22 Caliber Repeater is different from any other rifle of its kind. It is a clean out little gun using the best of the 22



caliber ammunition—the short, long and long rifle cartridges all in the same arm. Its beauty of outline and finish will always be a source of pleasure to the owner. Perhaps the two strong points of the Savage are accuracy and the smooth and easy manner in which it

works. This arm has met with a great success and there is no reason why it should not. Savage rifles, the 22 in particular, are well exemplified in the phrase used by the makers, "Savage Quality is a commonplace term but it means everything to a shooter." Being

honestly made all Savage products are sold by the manufacturer under the strongest guarantee.

Mention MAINE WOODS and write the Savage Arms Co., Utica, N. Y., today for catalogue.

Peters Pointers.

At the Interstate Mid-Winter Tournament held at Seneca, Kansas March 8-10, the Kansas City team number 1 won both the Interstate Team Match at targets and live birds. The teams consisted of five men each, and all the winning team shot Peters factory loaded shells. The individual live bird handicap was won by Mr. Dave Elliott of Kansas City, Mo. He shot from the 31 yard mark, scoring 24 without a tie. He shot Peters factory loaded shells.

The Arkansas state championship at live birds won by Mr. John Dickinson of Little Rock, Arkansas. He shot Peters factory loaded shells.

The U. M. C. Southern Squad shot at Charlotte, N. C., March 12. Col. Anthony was right in his glory, as Charlotte is his home town, thus giving him a chance to show up some of the tricks he had been teaching the amateurs during the past few years. Mr. John Todd broke 96-100, using U. M. C. Nitro Club shell, Mr. J. E. Carrier broke 94-100 using U. M. C. Arrow shells, and Mr. D. A. McCullough broke 166-175, using U. M. C. Nitro Club shells. Such phenomenal work is hard to be beaten, even by professionals.

F. D. Ellett, Keithsburg, Ill., won first average at Joy, Ill., with a score of 94 per cent. He also won a live bird match killing 50 birds without a miss. This is gilt edge shooting for an amateur. There seems to be something about Keithsburg which produces live bird shots of the first order.

H. G. Taylor won the high average for all open events at the Seneca Gun Club shoot, Kansas, March 8 to 10, with a score of 340-365 or over 93 per cent. He used U. M. C. factory loaded Arrow shells.

F. C. Riehl made a spectacular run of 100 per cent at Aberdeen, Miss., March 11, shooting at 70 flying targets. Mr. Riehl used a C. E. O. Remington gun. Mr. Riehl writes:

Remington Arms Co.,
New York City.

Gentlemen:—"My average in fifteen exhibitions for the U. M. C. Southern Squad is a little over 94 per cent, uniformly, since the first of the year. With my new Remington gun I have made the best scores of my shooting career."

Yours very truly,
F. C. Riehl.

Fred Gilbert certainly is a wonder with the shotgun. At Seneca, Kansas, he won high average by breaking 349 out of 365 targets. Then not content with that he defeated Mr. Clayton, the challenger for the Wyeth trophy, by killing 98 out of 100 live birds from the 33-yard mark, Clayton killing 96.

We have received from Charles F. Owis of Manchester, Vt., catalogue No. 24 of rods, reels, flies and fishing tackle manufactured by him. It is an up to date book and shows a great variety of useful things for the anglers.

One of the most useful little books that we know of for the trap shooter is "Trap Shooting Rules and Records," by the U. M. C. Cartridge company, 318-315 Broadway, New York. It is full of meat from cover to cover and can be had for the asking.

We have received from George H. Burtis of Worcester, Mass., manufacture of the Burtis rods and the Burtis artificial flies, a very attractive catalogue for 1904. It is full of interest to the sportsman from start to finish and it contains a great deal of useful information to those who go fishing.

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MAPS.

MAINE WOODS has frequent enquiries for maps of the fishing regions of the state e.c., and we can furnish the following Maine Maps: Rangeley and Megantic districts, 25c

Rangeley and Megantic districts, very large, 50c

Moosehead and Aroostook districts, 50c

Millinocket and Munsungan lakes, \$1.00

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Aroostook County, 50c

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Knox County, 35c

Lincoln and Sagadahoc Counties, 35c

Penobscott County, 50c

Waldo County, 35c

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LOTTED TIMBERLANDS.

Aroostook County, section plans Nos. 3, 4 and 5, from Grand Lake to Fort Kent, 50c

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Penobscot County, section plans Nos. 3 and 4, \$1.00

Piscataquis County, section plans Nos. 1, 3 and 6, \$1.25

Somerset County, section plan No. 6, and Franklin Co. map, \$1.00

Washington County, section plan Nos. 2 and 3, \$1.00

Oxford County section, see Oxford county map, 50c

Postage paid upon receipt of price.

MAINE WOODS, Phillips, Maine

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MAINE WOODS gives each week news from the woods of Maine, telling the success of fishermen and hunters in their respective seasons. The subscription price is \$1.00 a year.

Remember \$1.50 gives you both papers for a year. Send subscriptions to the papers to

MAINE WOODS. Phillips, Me.

Why Not?

If I really do believe that I thoroughly understand my business, and that the only way it can grow is by having a lot of people know about it, then it's "up to me" to see that what I "am at" is widely known.

With an up to date outfit and machinery, types, etc., long experience, some little taste, perhaps, and at least a few shreds of honesty—I undertake to print anything demanded of me, to do it extra well and to make a fair charge for it.

"And further this deponent saith not."

J W BRACKETT Phillips, Maine

The Angler's Secret.

BY CHARLES BRADFORD.

Author of "The Determined Angler," "The Wild Fowlers." Illustrated. Net, \$1.00, postage 10c.

The Angler's Secret is, as the author tells us, to replenish the soul and not the creel. It is a secret that cannot be revealed to an unsympathetic mind, and only the lover of nature can fully understand that communion with field, stream and sky which results in the perfect contentment of the angler who has learned the secret.

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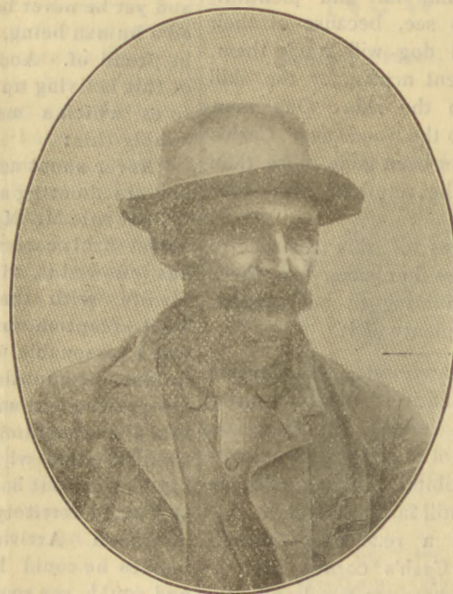
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The Tame Trout

AND OTHER

Backwoods Fairy Tales

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THIS IS THE MAN.

As narrated by that Veracious Chronicler

EDWARD GRANT, Esq.

of Beaver Pond, Maine.

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All branches of sport. Attractively illustrated and presented. Send for sample copy.

HOTEL AND CAMP OWNERS

Can get suggestions about half-tone cuts for their printing by communicating with MAINE WOODS.

A Few Questions.

CENTRE TUFTONBORO, N. H.,
March 20, 1904.

To the Editor of Maine Woods:

In the spring of the year I have listened to some animal or bird that is called a saw-whet because I presume he sounds like a person filing a mill saw. I have asked hunters and others what it was. One said it was a skunk, another a rabbit and still another that it was a small owl. I hope some of your readers will post me up.

Question No. 2.

In the fall when I have been off hunting I have listened to some animal or bird that sounded some like the bleating of a sheep far up on the side of Ossipee mountain, the sounds came down so weirdly among its many deep gorges. Those who think they are posted say it is the cry of the coons. I have read they utter no cry. Will some of the hunter readers of the MAINE WOODS inform me if they know it is a fact that raccoons utter no cry nights and what it is that I hear in the woods falls.

Can Snakes Charm?

In the summer of 1863 I was mowing a grass field by the side of the low ground when my attention was called to a terrible outcry by a lot of bluebirds. They would fly down to the top of the grass and hover over one spot making a great outcry. Being one who is interested in birds as well as animals I grabbed a spreading stick and rushed for the spot and when I looked there was a large striped snake with his tail wound round the grass and in his mouth was a bluebird's tail feathers and the bird was fluttering and crying loudly for freedom. I did not wait to see if he could swallow the poor bird, but with one blow I liberated the bluebird, who on joyous wing, flew off to join his companion.

Now the question is have snakes the power of charming their prey? I think they must have. If not how did this bluebird get down in the grass so he could grab him by the tail feathers. Anyone acquainted with the habits of the bluebird knows they do not run round on the ground hunting for their food but set on a stake or stump and dart down and grab a worm or grasshopper and fly off to another stump or stone to watch for other food.

JOHN L. HERSEY.

Cat Was Drowned Saving Monkey

"Did you ever hear of a cat jumping overboard to rescue a monkey?" inquired the steward of the British steamship Glenroy, as he stood on the deck of that vessel yesterday and fed peanuts to a simian gibbering in a bamboo cage. The Glenroy, just arrived from Singapore, had made fast to the pier at the foot of Oliver street, East river.

"No it wasn't this 'monk' that the cat jumped after," the steward continued. "It was another one we had—Big Tom his name was. But he is dead now—both him and the cat—drowned in the China sea the pair of them."

"Big Tom was put on board at Singapore, and him and the cat became 'pals' right off. We had to keep the monkey in a cage, and the cat would yowl until we let him in, and then he would curl up in a corner and look admiringly at the monkey though what he saw to admire in him passes me."

"Then one night the monkey got out of his cage, and the whole next day the crew was looking for him, but no sign of Mr. Monk anywhere. By and by we noticed the cat curled up in the sun near the stern, and when we sees that he stays there all the time and never moves we investigate, but didn't find nothing until one of the men looks over the side and there is Big Tom capering about the rudder chain and having the time of his life."

"We entices him back on deck and of the Lascars try to catch him, but Big Tom gives them the slip; then all hands come aft and backs this monkey—him chattering all the time—to the rail, the cat by his side, arching his back and tail straight up in the air. Then one of the men makes a swipe at the monkey with a gunny sack and the monkey, trying to dodge, goes plump overboard."

"Well sir," continued the steward, after an impressive pause, "it mayn't sound reasonable, but I hope to die if the cat didn't jump after him. Yes, sir, he jumps up with his fore paws on the rail and the minute the monkey comes up out of the water and he catches sight of him, over he goes too."

"Some landsman sings out, 'Man overboard!' and they hears it on the bridge and while they are stopping the engines the captain comes tearing on deck and singing out orders to clear away the lifeboat. Then he is just about to rope's end some of the Lascars for grinnings somebody tells him what it is all about, and the engines churn up again, and we goes on our way. Course it wasn't no



Another club woman, Mrs. Haule, of Edgerton, Wis., tells how she was cured of irregularities and uterine trouble, terrible pains and backache, by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—A while ago my health began to fail because of female troubles. The doctor did not help me. I remembered that my mother had used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound on many occasions for irregularities and uterine troubles, and I felt sure that it could not harm me at any rate to give it a trial."

"I was certainly glad to find that within a week I felt much better, the terrible pains in the back and side were beginning to cease, and at the time of menstruation I did not have nearly as serious a time as heretofore, so I continued its use for two months, and at the end of that time I was like a new woman. I really have never felt better in my life, have not had a sick headache since, and weigh 20 pounds more than I ever did, so I unhesitatingly recommend your medicine."—MRS. MAY HAULE, Edgerton, Wis., Pres. Household Economics Club.

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE TO WOMEN.

Don't hesitate to write to Mrs. Pinkham. She will understand your case perfectly, and will treat you with kindness. Her advice is free, and the address is Lynn, Mass. No woman ever regretted having written her, and she has helped thousands.

When women are troubled with irregularities, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, indigestion, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, inflammation of the ovaries, general debility, and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all-gone" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, blues, and hopelessness, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles. Refuse to buy any other medicine, for you need the best.



Frances Cook, Box 670, Kane, Pa., says:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I suffered for ten years with leucorrhoea, but am glad to say that through the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and her Sanative Wash I am cured, for which I am very thankful."

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.
Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

use trying to rescue 'em, for cats and monkeys can't swim. But we believes they was united—in a shark."—Ex.

The Horton Manufacturing company of Bristol, Conn., manufacturers of the Bristol Steel Fishing rod, are sending out a very neat and attractive catalogue of their goods, including the steel fishing rods, Glove Leather cases, the Bristol Automatic Fishing Line floats and a full line of all kinds of guides and tips of all descriptions from the cheapest to the most expensive.

The Bristol rod is now so well known that no fisherman's outfit is complete without one. The company manufacture all kinds of guides and tips includ-

ing Agates and a full stock of these is always at hand.

A guarantee is sent out with every rod that leaves the factory and the company undertake to guarantee them against all breakage when in actual use by reason of flaws in material or workmanship and within a reasonable time from the date of their purchase.

A copy of this catalogue can be obtained of the manufacturers.

To Cure a Cold In One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

A Guaranteed Cure For Piles.

Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protuding Piles Your druggist will refund money if Pazo Ointment fails to cure you in 6 to 14 days. 50 cts.

PAYING EMPLOYMENT

How many people wish for it yet are idle month after month, making no rational effort to better their condition? Business ability is what business men wish to employ and are willing to pay for. BECKER'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, WORCESTER, MASS. gives a course of training that will put your services in demand as it has done those of dozens of others from Maine. If you are interested in such a course send for free catalog and souvenir to

Becker's Business College
WORCESTER, MASS.

LET'S ADVERTISE!

You've got the camp, the hotel, the store to be advertised; I've got the knack of saying things so folks will decide you are just the fellow to patronize. Are you ready? I am Write!

FRED H. CLIFFORD, 77 Morse-Oliver Bldg., Bangor, Me.

TRANSPORTATION.

TIME - TABLE.

SANDY RIVER R. R.

Monday, Oct. 12, 1903.

| North. | Tr'n | Tr'n | Tr'n | Tr'n |
|--------------------|-------|-------|------|------|
| | | | | |
| Farmington,.....lv | 11 00 | 12 10 | 4 4 | |
| So. Strong,..... | | | | |
| Strong,.....{ar | P. M. | P. M. | | |
| | 12 05 | 12 4 | 5 10 | |
| Phillips,.....ar | 12 30 | 1 00 | 5 30 | |
| | | | | |
| South. | Tr'n | Tr'n | Tr'n | Tr'n |
| | | | | |
| Phillips,.....lv | 7 30 | 8 30 | 1 30 | |
| Strong,.....{ar | | | | |
| | 7 50 | 9 10 | 1 48 | |
| So. Strong,.....lv | | | | |
| Farmington,.....ar | 8 20 | 10 00 | 2 17 | |

WESTON LEWIS Pres. F. N. BEAL, Supt

FRANKLIN & MEGANTIC RY.

Shortest and easiest route to Eustis and the Dead River region.

TIME-TABLE.

In Effect Oct. 12, 1903.

| SOUTH. | | | | A. M. | | | | P. M. | | | |
|---|-------|-------|-------|-------|--|--|-------|-------|--|--|--|
| Bigelow, lv | | | | 11 00 | | | 2 00 | | | | |
| Carrabasset, {ar | | | | 11 20 | | | 2 25 | | | | |
| Kingfield, {ar | | | | 11 45 | | | 3 00 | | | | |
| | A. M. | | P. M. | | | | | | | | |
| *N. Freeman, lv | 7 00 | 7 05 | 12 50 | | | | | | | | |
| *Mt. Abram Jct., lv | 7 05 | | 12 55 | | | | | | | | |
| Salem, {ar | 7 20 | 7 45 | 1 10 | | | | | | | | |
| *Summit, lv | 7 22 | 8 35 | 1 12 | | | | | | | | |
| *W. Freeman, lv | 7 35 | | 1 25 | | | | | | | | |
| Strong, ar | 7 45 | 9 05 | 1 35 | | | | | | | | |
| NORTH. | | | | A. M. | | | P. M. | | | | |
| Strong, lv | 8 15 | 10 00 | 5 12 | | | | | | | | |
| *W. Freeman, lv | 8 25 | | 5 17 | | | | | | | | |
| *Summit, lv | 8 35 | 10 30 | 5 27 | | | | | | | | |
| Salem, {ar | 8 40 | 10 35 | 5 35 | | | | | | | | |
| *Mt. Abram Jct., lv | 8 45 | 10 40 | 5 45 | | | | | | | | |
| *No. Freeman, lv | 8 50 | | 5 50 | | | | | | | | |
| Kingfield, {ar | 9 00 | 11 30 | 5 55 | | | | | | | | |
| | | | | P. M. | | | | | | | |
| Carrabasset, {ar | 9 15 | 12 00 | | | | | | | | | |
| Bigelow, ar | 9 45 | 12 35 | | | | | | | | | |
| | 10 15 | 1 05 | | | | | | | | | |
| *Flag stations. Trains stop on notice to conductor. *Mixed trains. | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Close connection is made at Strong with trains to and from Phillips, Farmington, Portland and Boston. | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Stage connection at Bigelow for Stratton and Eustis, at Carrabasset for Flagstaff and Dead River. | | | | | | | | | | | |
| GEO. M. VOSE, SUPERINTENDENT. | | | | | | | | | | | |

TRANSPORTATION.

Time-Table.

PHILLIPS & RANGELEY R. R.

The only all-rail route to Rangeley Lake. The quickest and easiest route to the Dead River Region via Dead River Station. Stage connection with every through train for Stratton, Eustis and all points inland.

On and after Dec. 14, 1903, trains on the Phillips & Rangeley railroad will run as follows until further notice:

| EAST. | | P. M. | |
|------------------------|--|-------|--|
| Phillips, Lv | | 2 00 | |
| *Madrid,..... | | 2 20 | |
| *Madrid Junction,..... | | 2 4 | |
| *Reed's Mill,..... | | 2 50 | |
| *Sanders' Mill,..... | | 3 00 | |
| *Redington Mills,..... | | 3 30 | |
| Eustis Jct.,..... | | 4 00 | |
| Dead River,..... | | 4 10 | |
| Rangeley, ar | | 4 30 | |
| | | | |
| WEST. | | P. M. | |
| Rangeley, Lv | | 1 10 | |
| Dead River,..... | | 1 20 | |
| Eustis Junction,..... | | 1 30 | |
| Redington Mills,..... | | 1 40 | |
| *Sanders' Mill,..... | | 1 50 | |
| *Reed's Mill,..... | | 2 00 | |
| *Madrid Junction,..... | | 2 10 | |
| *Madrid,..... | | 2 20 | |
| Phillips, ar | | 2 30 | |

*Trains stop on signal or notice to conductor.
FLETCHER POPE, Gen. Man.
J. C. WILLIAMS, Supt., G. P. & T. A.

Portland & Rumford Falls Ry.

DIRECT LINE TO RANGELEY LAKES.

Through Time-Table, in Effect Nov. 16, 1903

| GOING SOUTH. | | | | A. M. | | | | P. M. | | | |
|--------------------------|--|--|--|-------|-------|--|-------|-------|--|--|--|
| Quosococ, lv | | | | 6 50 | | | | | | | |
| South Rangeley,..... | | | | 6 55 | | | | | | | |
| Macy Junction,..... | | | | 6 59 | | | | | | | |
| Bemis, lv | | | | 7 22 | | | | | | | |
| Rumford Falls, ar | | | | 9 00 | | | | | | | |
| Rumford Falls, lv | | | | 9 10 | | | 2 40 | | | | |
| Livermore Falls,..... | | | | A. M. | | | P. M. | | | | |
| Mechanic Falls,..... | | | | 6 55 | 10 41 | | 4 07 | | | | |
| Lewiston, ar | | | | 7 40 | 11 25 | | 4 58 | | | | |
| Portland, Union Sta., ar | | | | 8 35 | 12 20 | | 5 45 | | | | |
| | | | | P. M. | | | P. M. | | | | |
| Boston, (W. Div.), ar | | | | 12 45 | | | 4 10 | | | | |
| Boston, (E. Div.), ar | | | | 12 55 | | | 4 00 | | | | |
| GOING NORTH. | | | | P. M. | | | A. M. | | | | |
| Boston, (E. Div.), lv | | | | 8 30 | | | 1 15 | | | | |
| Boston, (W. Div.), lv | | | | 8 40 | | | 1 25 | | | | |
| Portland, Union Sta., lv | | | | 8 30 | 12 55 | | 5 15 | | | | |
| | | | | P. M. | | | P. M. | | | | |
| Lewiston, lv | | | | 9 20 | 1 55 | | 6 05 | | | | |
| Mechanic Falls, ar | | | | 10 06 | 2 41 | | 6 45 | | | | |
| Livermore Falls, ar | | | | 11 40 | 4 15 | | | | | | |
| Rumford Falls,..... | | | | 11 35 | 4 15 | | | | | | |
| Bemis, ar | | | | | 5 58 | | | | | | |
| Macy Junction,..... | | | | | 6 17 | | | | | | |
| *South Rangeley,..... | | | | | 6 18 | | | | | | |
| Quosococ, ar | | | | | 6 25 | | | | | | |

All trains run daily except Sunday.
This is the only standard gauge all rail line to the Famous Hunting and Fishing Grounds of the Rangeleys.

E. L. LOVEJOY, Supt., Rumford Falls, Me.
R. C. BRADFORD, Traffic Mgr., Portland Me.,

Rangeley Lakes

Steamboat Co.

Connections in the season with trains on Phillips & Rangeley and Portland & Rumford Falls Railroads.

H. H. FIELD, Gen. Mg'r.

Phillips, Maine.

First-Class Liverv.

We have everything in the livery line that is needed. The stable has been enlarged and newly equipped throughout. Experienced drivers will take parties when desired.

P. Richardson & Co

Rangeley, Maine.

CAMP

PRINTING.

I print circulars, writing paper, envelopes, registers, tags, bill heads, laundry lists and all other things needed by hotels and camps.

I have several hundred half-tone cuts representing fish, game and outing scenes that can be used in circulars at a moments notice. I never turn away a job for want of a suitable cut. I furnish it if requested to do so and I write a great many circulars every year.

If you want prices and other details write to me about it.

J. W. BRACKETT,

Maine Woods, - - Phillips, Me.

If you want to know

where to get good

HUNTING

or desire circulars, descriptive matter or information regarding Hotels or Camps in MAINE'S HUNTING or FISHING REGIONS address

MAINE WOODS INFORMATION BUREAU,

Phillips, - - Maine

TROUT AND ADVERTISING.

Maine Woods Reader Recovers a Lost Fish by Hand.

Artificial Fly Watch Charms Figure In This Story.

[Written for MAINE WOODS.]

WATERVILLE, March 21, 1904.

"Sit down and have a smoke while I tell you all about it," said Mr. George Wentworth, the well known angler and all-around sportsman, to a friend who had dropped into his office during a leisure moment to ask him about his fishing trip last summer.

Mr. Wentworth pointed to a fine specimen of the Maine brook trout which was neatly mounted and was placed over the desk in his private office. "I had more fun catching that trout than any fish I ever caught in my life," said he, a smile lighting up his countenance as the memories of that pleasant experience up in dear old Maine came back to his mind afresh.

"It was on Salmon stream just above The Forks one bright day in June about 9 in the morning, that I hooked that trout and I didn't get him landed for more than an hour. I had fished up the stream from the river with good success, having taken about 20, ranging from $\frac{1}{2}$ pound to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, and was just thinking I had taken about enough for one morning when I came to a fine large, deep pool with a lot of boulders and a great log in the middle of it.

"I stopped and exchanged a 'Professor' for the one which was on my line at the time as it was chewed up considerably and approaching cautiously I made a fine cast way out near the old log. Instantly there was a great splash and a tug on the line that made the reel fairly yell, and although I only caught a glimpse of him when he arose I knew I had my hands full of business, as he was a scrapper, evidently.

"He tore around at a furious rate, broke water three times and finally started for the bank. In spite of my frantic efforts to avoid it, he succeeded in getting under some bushes and tangling the line up completely and in trying to clear it I slipped on a rock, nearly fell over backward and gave the line such a yank that it broke under water.

"I said quite a number of things that I wouldn't care to have reproduced on a graphophone and being thoroughly disgusted with the luck, I reeled in my line, disjoined my rod and was about to start for home, when I noticed the bushes moving violently over where the trout tangled the line up.

"I suspected the cause and upon investigating found I was correct—the trout was tied to the bushes near the bottom hard and fast in about four feet of water. I cut a crooked stick and tried to get hold of the line and draw it up within reach, but it was not long enough for this. Then I tried to hook the stick into the fish's gills, but he had play enough on the line to successfully elude me in this attempt. Finally after trying every scheme I could think of I threw the crooked stick just as far as I could and stepping back on the bank a few paces began to remove my clothes.

"Now the water in a trout stream up in Maine in early June is not of the temperature which I am accustomed to bathe in, and as I waded out into the deep water I came near losing my breath and several times stopped, hesitated and looked toward the shore where my clothes were laying on the ground in the bright, warm sun.

"But I was determined to have that trout now at all hazards, so I clinched my teeth and waded around to the steep bank where the trout was hung in the bushes and the water was waist deep. Locating the line with my bare feet I grasped the bushes with my left hand for support and with my right extended toward my foot, I plunged down, duck fashion, caught the line with my right hand, took a twist around my finger and snapped it off the bush and started for the bank with Mr. Trout trailing along in the rear.

"I threw him out on shore and climbed out myself nearly frozen and after dressing I took him up, held him out at arm's length by the piece of line and was surveying him with a critical eye when he gave a little flop and dropped to the ground. Upon examination I found that he had chafed the leader nearly in two with his teeth and it was a wonder that he had not broken it while in the water.

"Well! here is the very fly which I caught him on with the piece of leader still attached to it and you can examine it for yourself," he said, as a faint smile flitted around the corners of his friend's mouth. So saying, he exhibited the watch charm that was suspended from his heavy solid gold watch chain and then seeing his friend was interested in the little jewel, he removed the chain

from his vest and handed it to him to examine.

"Rather a pretty and attractive little thing," he remarked.

"Say, that is all right," replied his friend. "Where did you get it?"

The charm was made of two transparent glass crystals with ground edges fitted into a gold band which surrounded them and which was fastened securely at the top by means of a little screw. By removing this screw the band was loosened and the glass crystals or lenses could be easily removed and in this way the owner had inserted his pet fly.

"You see," he explained, "I always have kept this fly for a souvenir and a few weeks ago while in New York on business I saw this charm in a jeweler's display window and secured it at once. Gave \$1.25 for it. After I reached home I removed the fly that was in there and inserted this one.

"My wife and daughter are both enthusiastic anglers and they each wanted one to wear as a locket, so I told them I would get them one when I went to New York again if I could.

"Last week I saw the same thing advertised in my MAINE WOODS for 60 cents and I ordered two. I received them promptly and find them to be exactly like mine in every respect.

"Here is the ad on page 2, second column," he said, handing the paper over to his friend. He took the paper, looked it over a minute and then asked, "Say, let me take this paper to look at will you? I will return it tomorrow."

A few days later MAINE WOODS received \$1.00 from this gentleman in payment for a year's subscription to the paper and the Watch Charm Agents, Box 188, Waterville, Me., also received \$1.20 accompanying an order for two trout fly watch charms.

An Animal Story For Little Folks

Why the Little Pig Was Whipped

Did you ever hear the story about the little pig who ate his big sister's dinner? I know you have not, for the story has never been told.

Well, there was a little pig who loved to tease his sister, just as many and many a boy loves to tease his sisters.

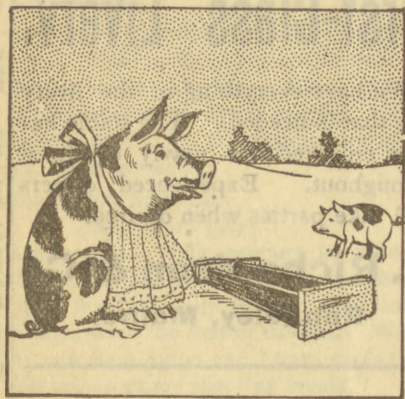
Now, this little pig had one sister who was very particular about her manners, which, you will admit, was an excellent trait. She wouldn't think of sitting down to a meal without a nice clean apron on. At the dinner hour she would hurry to her room, fasten on her apron and then go to the trough in which her food was served.

"Why is it that you only half fill my trough?" asked she of her mother.

"I always fill it," was the reply.

"But it is always only half full," declared the little pig's sister.

And the little pig laughed, for he knew very well why the trough was only half full. Whenever he saw his sister start off to get her apron he



HE KNEW VERY WELL WHY THE TROUGH WAS HALF FULL.

would slip slyly up to the trough and eat as much of her food as he could before she could get back.

One day the sister decided to watch him, and she actually caught him in the very act of gulping down her meal.

"I was only fooling," laughed the little pig.

"I shall tell mamma on you," replied his sister, "and she will paddle you with a shingle."

"You would not be a telltale, would you?" asked the little pig, who did not relish the idea of a whipping.

"No, I don't believe I would," replied the sister thoughtfully. "I shall not tell on you."

"That's a good girl," laughed the little pig.

"But I shall paddle you myself," added the sister. Then she caught the little tease and gave him a good sisterly thrashing, and he never touched her meals again after that.—Detroit Journal.



Bradford's Angler

An acknowledged companion to the Walton Classic.

"The most pleasant volume I have ever seen of its kind."

—Grover Cleveland.

"Fully deserves this endorsement." —N. Y. Herald.

Illustrated, cloth, by mail 60c. With Maine Woods one year \$1.50.

J. W. Brackett, Phillips, Me.

HOTELS AND CAMPS

Aroostook County.

Via OXBOW, ME.

Atkins' Camps. Famous region for Moose, deer, and big fish. Write for special small maps and circular to W. M. ATKINS, Oxbow, Me.

Via OXBOW, MAINE.

Spider Lake Camps. Good camps. Unexcelled trout fishing. Good accommodations. Allegash trip a specialty. Address ARBO & LIBBY, Oxbow, Me.

P. O. PORTAGE LAKE, ME.

Portage Lake Camps. For first-class trout and salmon fishing, address C. J. ORCUTT.

Franklin County.

RANGELEY LAKES

Camp Bemis, The Birches, The Barker. Write for free circular.

CAPT. F. C. BARKER, Prop'r, Bemis.

Via MOUNTAIN VIEW, MAINE.



Mountain View House is one of the most modern, up to date summer homes in the state of Maine. Its beautiful location at the foot of Rangeley lake on a picturesque cove, gives it many attractions, while the best of fishing is within a car's proximity. The boating and canoeing is the best on the lake; the drives are unsurpassed for beautiful scenery and the woods around are filled with delightful paths and trails. Croquet and tennis grounds adjoin the house. The cuisine is of the best; fruit, vegetables, fish and game in their season with plenty of milk and cream. Pure spring water is furnished the house from a spring above. Rooms large, well lighted and pleasant. Hunters find plenty of deer, partridge and woodcock in the woods near by. Send for 1904 booklet to L. E. BARKER, Mountain View House, Mountain View, Rangeley Lakes, Me.

EUSTIS, ME.

Round Mountain Lake Camps. Located in the heart of the Maine woods, 10 miles from Eustis. Best of trout fishing at all times, both lake and stream. Fine hunting, large and small game. Detached log cabins, new last season. Open fires. Round Mountain Lake Camps, DION O. BLACKWELL, Mgr., Eustis, Franklin Co., Maine. New York office, Room 29, 335 Broadway.

WELD, MAINE.

The Maples, situated on Lake Webb. Excellent trout and salmon fishing. House newly furnished. Write for booklet for season of 1904. F. W. Drew, Prop., Weld, Maine.

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Via FARMINGTON.

Clear Water Camps. First-class fishing. E. G. GAY, Route 1, Farmington, Me.

ON PHILLIPS & RANGELEY RAILROAD. Redington Camps and Cottages. Good accommodations, with best of fishing. One minute's walk from Redington station. Write for circular. J. F. HUGH, Proprietor, P. O., Rangeley, Maine.

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Comfort Cottage. Good fishing, water works, electric lights, telephone. Free carriage to station. MRS. W. M. MILLETT.

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The Stoddard House is delightfully located for those wishing to spend the vacation among the hills and near good fishing and hunting. Write for particulars. W. H. McDONALD, Prop., Farmington, Me.

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Pickford's Camps. Only public log camps on Rangeley lake, one mile south of the Rangeley Lake House. Individual log camps, open fire places, table excellent, fresh vegetables, milk, berries and cream. Inducements to families by the season. No hay fever, black flies or mosquitoes. First-class references. Terms \$2.50 per day, \$12 to \$18 per week. For terms and particulars apply to HENRY E. PICKFORD, Proprietor and Manager, Rangeley, Me., N. Y. office, 3 Park Place, N. Y. City.

Via RANGELEY.

Kennebago Lake House on the shore of Kennebago Lake. One of the best fishing sections. Good fishing every day in the season. Excellent accommodations. Address, RICHARDSON BROS., Proprietors, Kennebago Maine.

DEAD RIVER REGION.

The New Shaw House, Eustis, Maine, will be built as a modern hotel and open about June 15, 1904. There will be about 40 rooms. Correspondence solicited. A. B. SARGENT, Eustis, Maine.

Via KINGFIELD.

Carrabassett Mineral Spring Farm Water cures rheumatism. Best hunting and fishing. G. W. SAWIN, Carrabassett, Me.

EUSTIS, MAINE.

Tim Pond Camps. Situated in the Dead River Region, 200 feet above the sea level. In the heart of Maine's best fishing ground. Write for further particulars to JULIAN K. VILES, Eustis, Me.

FOUR MILES FROM RANGELEY.

Whorff's Camps, Dead River, Pond, P. O. Address, Rangeley, Maine. Send for circular. E. B. WHORFF, Proprietor.

Via RANGELEY.

York's Camps, Ten Lake. Ten Ponds. Trout, Salmon, Birds, Deer, Canoeing, Bathing, etc. A postal brings illustrated booklet. J. LEWIS YORK, Prop., Rangeley, Me.

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BELGRADE LAKES, ME.

The Belgrade. Best sportsman's hotel in New England. Best black bass fishing in the world. CHAS. A. HILL & SON, Managers.

HOTELS AND CAMPS.

Oxford County.

UPPER DAM, ME.

Upper Dam House. The home of big trout. JOHN CHADWICK & CO.

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Indian Rock Camps. For fishing go to Holt's camps at Howard Lake and you will find plenty of brook trout and landlocked salmon. New camps and first-class table. W. C. HOLT, Proprietor, Hanover, Me.

Piscataquis County.

KATADIN IRON WORKS, ME.

Chairback Mountain Camps. Best fishing territory in Maine. MRS. HELEN BROWN.

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North Pond Camps. New lake opened in the Belgrade region. Camps going up in the spring. Finest bass, perch and pickerel fishing in the state. Watch for new advertisement. EDW. W. CLEMENT, So. Smithfield, Me.

JACKMAN, ME., P. O.

Gerard's Camps on Little Spencer waters of Big Spencer Ponds. The place to come if you want to get plenty of big fish. THOMAS GERARD Jackman, Me.

BINGHAM, ME.

The Carry Pond Camps will be opened May 10, 1904. Fine fishing and hunting. A fine trip to Pierce Pond, where the large salmon are taken weighing from 5 to 16 lbs. Write for information. HENRY J. LANE, Bingham, Me.

Washington County.

GRAND LAKE STREAM, ME.

The Birches. Come here for your spring fishing. FRANK H. BALL.

New Hampshire.

UMBAGOG LAKE.

Lakeside House. Good fishing near at hand Big trout and landlocked salmon in abundance. Write for terms. E. H. DAVIS, Prop'r., Lakeside, N. H.

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AS I HAVE KNOWN THEM

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Phillips,

Maine.

Fishing After Dark.

There are several kinds of cowards, but if Uncle Elias was a coward, of which I have never felt sure, he belonged in a class of his own; in that, as in everything else, he was utterly and entirely original. He used to say that not to be afraid of the dark was to lack imagination. No one ever accused Uncle Elias of lacking imagination. It was because of his generous endowment of this ability that when he went fishing for trout in the dusk of the evening, he always took Aunt Sally Ann along.

Aunt Sally Ann's daughters, married and important, protested that it was bad for their mother's rheumatism, and that it did not seem proper for an elderly lady to be wandering along the creek at night. Aunt Sally Ann smiled calmly at the protests. She liked to be taken along; it made her feel young, or rather it reminded her of her youth to be out under the dim sky of night; it reminded her of her youth to walk home across the firefly-bedecked meadows, and down the straggling village street, with Uncle Elias, because of that imagination of his, keeping very near to her.

On account of the tanneries and the big sawmills and the lumbermen who strip the mountains of their forests, Fishing creek bids fair to have only an Irish reason for its name. A few years ago there were plenty of fish. In the lower reaches of the stream in deep, shaded pools, there were big trout, wise, reserved old aristocrats that were not for the common angler, not for anyone, in fact, but the initiated.

"Brother Elias, what kind of bait do you use that makes you so successful a catcher of fish?" the Methodist preacher asked.

"The kind of bait, Parson, that might make you a successful fisher of men—understanding and sympathy," Uncle Elias replied.

It was in the balmy dusk of a June evening that Uncle Elias caught his big trout. Last summer at the close of a sultry day Uncle Elias and Aunt Sally Ann went up to Swartwout's dam with the fish basket, the birch pole and the little bag of grasshoppers. A New Yorker who edits a paper about hunting

and fishing and things was getting out of the stage in front of Boyd's hotel. He laughed as he saw the chubby old sportsman with the big fish basket strapped over the long and ample linen duster, little knowing that he would soon be begging that same hayseed fisherman to teach a New York expert how to catch trout.

Swartwout's dam is the spookiest place along the creek. It is in something of a pocket at an angle of the steep, hemlock-covered hills, and only the sun at midday and a few ambitious stars climb high enough to look down into the deep, dark pool. On one side there is a row of dead sycamores, gaunt, naked, white as chalk, like a procession of stark ghosts knee deep in the water. Back of the trees is a swamp, where the fox-fire glows and Jack-o-lanterns flicker when it is dark. The big trout linger there at the base of the hill where springs bubble between rocks.

Aunt Sally Ann sat on a log near the dead sycamores. Uncle Elias tied the tails of his linen duster about his Santa Claus stomach and waded in his high rubber boots across the broken comb of the old dam. There is a narrow, slippery ledge of rock at the bottom of the hill. Uncle Elias stepped silently, carefully; no abrupt moves, no rattling stones to jar the nerves of those serene big fellows down below. He threw out a grasshopper or two to test the temper and appetite of the fish. They took food eagerly. There was no hurry; infinite patience, infinite care in selecting and arranging the bait. After a wait meant to pique the curiosity of the fish, the grasshopper at the end of the line sailed out to exactly the right spot, dropped lightly, and almost before it touched the water was seized with a swish and a rush. The thrill passed through the birch pole to every fiber of Uncle Elias's being.

The trout bit well that evening. When Uncle Elias had as many fish as he needed for immediate use it was his custom to stop, as he deprecated greediness; but up in the little eddy beyond the pile of driftwood a trout turned a somersault for sheer joy and deviltry. No angler could resist the invitation of that mighty splash, that gleam of big white belly. "He's an old residenter," Uncle Elias commented as he climbed over the driftwood.

The old residenter was coy. Uncle Elias tried all his tricks and wiles, his choicest bait, his most practical throws. In the absorption of the true sportsman he took no note of time. The roll of distant thunder aroused him. Darkness had closed in swiftly; the outlines of the opposite shore were lost and the tall sycamore ghosts seemed to be wading across toward him. A sinister silence hung over the black pool.

"Sally Ann! Sally Ann!" Uncle Elias raised his voice to his faithful wife. There was no answer. The roots of his hair turned cold.

"Sa-a-lly! Sa-a-lly!"

There was not even an echo; nothing but that awful stillness of the universe holding its breath in suspense.

"Wo-o-o-o-o!" went a hoot owl on the hill. Souse! went Uncle Elias, six feet out into the middle of the deep hole. The water closed over his head and the spray sprinkled the tall hemlocks. The old residenter burrowed under a stone, where for three days and nights he did not venture to wave a fin. Uncle Elias rose to the surface and struck out for the shore. Snorting and blowing like a porpoise, he waded in under the dead sycamores.

There on her log he found the partner of his joys, his sorrows and his fishing, writhing in meriment, doubling in convulsions of unholy and unconjugal laughter.

"Woman! Woman!" sputtered Uncle Elias feelingly.

They went home at a little trot. Even in June the night air has a chill for one who has been drenched with spring water. Aunt Sally Ann tied her little shoulder cape over Uncle Elias's head that he might not take earache. The attention was received in grim silence.

As they entered their gate in the light that shone through the big window of the post office across the way, Aunt Sally Ann stuffed her apron in her mouth. She was not quick enough. Uncle Elias heard the smothered sound and tore off the little shoulder cape.

"Woman," he said with dignity, as he untied the clinging duster, "woman, a few more such light minded pranks and I will be justified in applying for a legal separation."

MAY McHENRY in Recreation.

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